

ANOTHER TRAVELLER
CURSEY REYNOLDS
THE NEW YORK
CORIAT

Entered in the Hall-Book
JUNIOR.
COMPANY OF STATIONERS
ADDRESS TO
DE OF BOOKS AND CO.

VOL. I.

Entered in the Hall-Book

OF THE

COMPANY of STATIONERS,

ACCORDING TO

an Act of PARLIAMENT.

ANOTHER TRAVELLER!
OR
CURSORY REMARKS
AND
CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS
MADE UPON A
JOURNEY

Through PART of the
NETHERLANDS

In the latter End of the Year 1766.

By *CORIAT JUNIOR.*

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E.

AN ingenious countryman of ours, a few years ago, made no difficulty of filling two handsome volumes in octavo with *a journey from* PORTSMOUTH *to* KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES, performed in no less than EIGHT DAYS --- and I have never heard but that the work met with full as much encouragement as it deserved; for it went through two impressions, and had, doubtless, a proportionable number of readers; and is at this time in such a degree of estimation, as to be actually a

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stock-book in most of the circulating libraries in England.

Within these four years, that reverend joker, the facetious Mr. S—— hath obliged the world with somewhat of a sort of an itinerary; which though a little deficient according to the vulgar method, yet I could wish from my soul that the generality of travellers were but half as entertaining.

And lately we have been further obliged with the travels of Dr. S—— and of surgeon S—— neither of which works have I any intention of criticising for two reasons---
the

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the first flowing from gratitude, as I confess they gave me pleasure in the reading; the second from modesty, as I do not apprehend that any thing I have to offer can merit such favourable reception with the public.

‘ But what’s all this to the purpose ?’ says some impatient critic——

I will tell you how far it is to *my* purpose---it is to shew the reader that travelling is the mode, and that it is no less the mode to print travels---that short travels may be

printed as well as long voyages; and whether at home, or abroad, it matters not---and that as I don't remember any apology was made by the *Portsmouth* traveller for stuffing two large volumes in octavo, sometimes with trite remarks, and most commonly with no remarks at all, during eight days upon three of the neighbouring counties of England; so I shall not offer any forobtruding a couple of *Shandean* duodecimos with such as I have been able to make during two months, in five of the finest provinces in the *Netherlands*.

CORIAT

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VOL. I.

CHAP. I.

Journey from London to Dover.

MY companion and I set off from the Swan with two necks in *Lad-Lane, London*, in one of the *Dover* stages, on Saturday the 6th of September, 1766—but as the road from thence to *Dover* is well known to many of my readers, I shall not take up their time unnecessarily in describing it.

A 5

Our

Our company in the coach was a little emblem of the great world in this respect, that we meet with many persons in our daily avocations, but very rarely with one who is of consequence enough to be distinguished, or to constitute a character.

It consisted of a *Deal* Pilot, a *Kentish* Hop-planter, a young Midshipman belonging to the Navy, and a Country sporting Squire.

Almost every occurrence in life is a lesson of instruction, and it is our own fault if we do not improve it to advantage—so that barren of improvement as this company might appear, it was a great pleasure to me to find, by conversing with each in his own way, that the hills and sands which we meet with upon that road were not at all tedious; and that the distance from London to Dover is so far from being a long, that

that it may be accounted a very moderate day's journey.

From the Pilot I understood the necessity that there is for such assistants in our narrow seas and shoaly channels; the qualifications necessary to admission; the strict examination which they undergo, in the court of the Lord Warden of the Cinque-ports and the number so admitted.

From the Hop-planter I learned somewhat of the cultivation and growth of hops; the accidents to which they are most liable; their different years produce and benefit to the growers and to the state, insomuch that they have paid upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds excise in one year, and scarce ten thousand pounds in another; and lastly, that they contribute greatly to the strengthening, as well as

to the meliorating and preserving the
beer.

The young Midshipman was a remarkable instance that gentility and an early polite education, is as distinguishable in the sea as in the land service; that good sense is the approved companion of bravery, and may serve to settle it upon principle; for though he was scarce fifteen, and had passed four years of that time upon the boisterous element, and in the West-Indies, had it not been for his uniform you might almost have concluded that he had never been from court. He must certainly during that period have heard many improper things, and have occasionally kept much worse company than himself; but the good which he had acquired seemed only to be present with him, for it was remarked that during the whole day's journey not an improper, far less an indecent expression

sion escaped his lips—He gave besides many strong indications of being some time or other a great man.

The country'Squire waked now and then to make us laugh, or, in his lucid intervals to convince us that he was best company when asleep.

About eight in the evening my companion and I (for we had dropt the rest of the passengers by the way) arrived at the ship tavern at *Dover*, and producing a letter of recommendation to Mrs. *Jones* the mistress of the house, we met with a very civil reception—though perhaps not more so than if we had not had any such letter; for, to do her justice, she seems to be a very notable and obliging hostess; and notwithstanding all malevolent reports, which I have heard both from natives and foreigners, I could not perceive any thing like exaction there, which is
much

much more than I can say of many houses on the other side of the water, particularly in *Holland*.

Here an officer of the customs followed us and our little baggage, which consisted merely of each a change of rayment, enclosed in one small portmanteau — upon enquiring into the contents, and being assured that it contained nothing else, I offered him the key that he might satisfy himself, which he refused; but demanded half a crown for having saved us and himself some trouble.

I say demanded half a crown, because it was the precise sum which the fellow mentioned, and which, without reflecting, I gave him, though I was sorry for it afterwards.

The officers of the revenue are undoubtedly the servants of the public,
and

and the public is no longer served than whilst they are found true to their trust, and acting in conformity with their oath—that officer who had the face to demand half a crown for not doing his duty, it may be presumed would wink at a fraud for a larger consideration—but as I intend briefly to point out several errors and abuses in the british customs, in a small treatise shortly to be published under the title of AN APOLOGY FOR SMUGGLING, I shall not detain the reader any longer upon that head at present.

We adventured forth, dark as it was, to try if we could discover any thing, but to very little purpose—casting our eyes towards the horrible cliff, whence *Shakespeare* drew one of his justly-admired pictures; we found the prospect as dark to us as it had been to sightless *Gloster*, and were therefore contented

to

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to con over the passage, which we had not an opportunity of comparing.

The same obstacle prevented our making any just remarks either upon the castle, or the works, and the reader is in some measure obliged to this accident, as it will be the means of shortning this chapter.

We returned to our inn to supper, where we met with several people divided in their opinions touching the packet's sailing that night—some said it would, for the wind was fair; others were positive that it would not, for though the wind was fair, yet it blew too fresh to get out of the harbour.

This brought to my mind what I had ruminated in our walk upon the works, where I had been fully sensible of what the sailors call a fresh gale—however I said nothing.

In

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In the midst of our supper I was a little alarmed with the repetition of a disagreeable hollow sound in the chimney—pray, madam, said I to Mrs. Jones, what noise is that? is it the wind?—nothing at all, sir, said she, only our chimney is apt to make a noise.—It must be a very odd sort of a chimney thought I, to make such a noise for nothing.

What my companion felt, I know not; and if he had any fears he was wise enough to keep them to himself.

C H A P. II.

Wherein the Author indulges his fancy upon a Subject, which some of his Readers may possibly take home to themselves.

THERE is something extremely awkward in the first setting out upon a journey, to persons unaccustomed

customed to travel—the sensations they are seized with are many, and mix in a confused variety.

People that are for the most part confined to one spot, have their anxieties either about business, or pleasure in succession—the completion of the one serves as an incitement to the other and the event of either being foreseen, the pleasure is doubled by anticipation.

But place a *Londoner*, who has never passed the verge of *Windsor* or *St. Alban's* into the *York fly*, and he is immediately seized with the apprehension of a thousand evils which can never happen at once — the farther he is wheeled beyond his ken, the greater is his trouble; and the counting of the mile stones, which may be very entertaining to some, heightens his embarrassment, and only proves that he is so much

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much farther removed from the only place where he would chuse to live and die.

Being got fifty miles from the capital, he begins to contemplate, what a terrible thing it must be to die in a strange country!—and is surprized to see the other passengers swallowing the coffee, grounds and all, and calling about 'em for more toast and butter.—He can neither eat nor drink—his fellow-travellers commiserating his unhappy case, conclude the gentleman is sick with having rode backwards—one prescribes a dram of brandy—another, upon a supposition, that coffee and toast were too meagre, advises him to call for a rasher of bacon and a tankard of ale—he nauseates the thoughts of a rasher and ale, and contents himself with a glass of spring water and a few hartshorn drops.

They

They proceed on their journey, and he grows worse and worse; insomuch that if any one was to ask what ailed him? he would be very much at a loss for a reply—nevertheless his fever increases, and no *James's* powder can be had!—he would fain lose a little blood—but then what man in *England* can open a vein like Mr. ———? who had been so many years surgeon to his, and his father's family before him.

One of the company observing the desponding way he was in, kindly made him an offer of a few carraway comfits and some gingerbread nuts; at the bare mention whereof, he was seized with such a violent tooth-ach, that finding no *Greenough's* tincture at hand, it was feared he would go distracted with the pain.

The further apprehensions of the coach breaking down, and thereby
fracturing

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fracturing his skull, or half a dozen of his limbs, and being taken up speechless—or escaping the wonderful chance of a hundred to one of being robbed and having his brains blown out, are melancholy companions upon a strange road, where accidents of a like nature have happened about—once in a century.

Persons that are so void of feeling as not to be sensible of such apparent danger, may, after a jumble of seventy or eighty miles, be able to make a tolerable good dinner; but those who are strongly possessed of it cannot so easily sit down and fall to.

To force down a little bit of bread-pudding, for nature requires something, and a glass of wine and water, are full as much as can be expected from one in such a situation.

He

He now begins to find that there is much wind in his case, and would gladly expel it, and at the same time comfort the bowels with a little *Daffy's* elixir taken at going to bed—but unfortunately he forgot to bring a bottle with him.

Every fancied want, and every remote danger is present with him, and the pleasure of the journey, which is the immediate delight of every other passenger, is the only thing to which he is totally absent.

At night a warmed bed and a little sack-whey dispose him to sleep, but not to rest—here the frightened imagination knows no bounds!—all our waking apprehensions are trivial to those which croud upon the disturbed mind in sleep.

There

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There he beholds in one confused scene, his dearly-beloved wife, weltering in her precious gore, murdered by villains, who took the advantage of his absence!—his inestimable china sugar dish and cover broke into a thousand pieces—stocks tumbling! and his house in flames!—

In another, his bankers shop shut up!—his children in a work-house!—his principal debtor in the gazette! and his favourite dog *Juba* leading a blind man about the streets!

Who can support such complicated woe?

He wakes!—and can hardly persuade himself that it is but a dream.

He would give a thousand pounds to be that very instant in *London*!—that's impossible—but for a thousand pence he might

might be transported thither in a few hours.—But then the shame of returning without having performed his journey.

The second day he is become more tolerable to himself and his fellow-travellers; at the end of which he finds himself at *York*, and begins to wonder how he got there!

If I mistake not, there are such characters; and the application is very easy—*Such people should stay at home.*

C H A P. III.

Voyage from Dover to Ostende.

IN the absence of captain *Wellard*, whose packet was to sail that night for *Ostende*, the command of the vessel devolved upon his mate *Mr. Gregg*, seemingly a very steady, good sort of a man,

man, as his attention to his charge, and obliging carriage to the passengers, gave sufficient witness; and I heartily wish that soon a man of so much temper and experience may come to be master of a packet himself.

Gregg from time to time called upon us, and desired us to be ready before one for though the wind blew strong, yet it was fair; and he had no doubt but that he should be able, ‘with God’s grace,’ to get safe out of the harbour.

About twelve o’clock a fellow with a candle and lanthorn entered the parlour where we were sitting with our landlord and landlady—‘here’s a plaguy deal of wind to-night, said he—mercy on us how it blows?—I am just come up from the beach, and I think I never saw a greater sea!—why it breaks over the head as white as a sheet!’

A pretty description, thought I, if one was not just going to sea!

‘Why surely, continued he, these gentlemen (meaning my companion and me) will never think of going this tide?’

I shall do just as the captain pleases, answered I, with all the resolution I had about me.

‘Nay, you may do as you think fit, my masters, returned the skipper, but if I was as you, I know I’d stay till the morning and take day-light with me.’

Finding he could not prevail, he departed.

Before I proceed any farther in my relation, I think it proper to advertise the ingenuous reader, that the whole end of this little work is amusement and instruction; and though the preceeding
part

part of this chapter may appear deficient in both, I shall presently convince him that it is very fruitful in the latter.

You are to understand then, that the gentleman who went out just now with his candle and lanthorn, is a private skipper, and master of a bye-boat, of which there are several at *Dover*; and it is the interest of those people to intimidate the intended passengers for the packets as much as they can; so that the packets by these unfair means (a kind of marine jockeyship) leaving part of their company behind, they may afterwards convey them over at their own extravagant rates.

Mrs. Jones next began to remind us of the provisions necessary for our voyage (a thing my partner and I never dreamt of;) and though the passage might be short, it was not impossible, she said, but that it might prove long

and tedious; and nothing we might be assured could be had on board save what we took with us. —

The English of all people are the most provident upon those occasions, from a natural dread of being starved, which many of them are seized with the moment they lose sight of their native land — so that in the packets between *Dover* and *Calais*, or *Ostende*, it is no unusual thing to find as many fowls, tongues, pastry and liquors as would victual a ship for a month's voyage.

This weakness in some of my countrymen turns to very good account with the publicans at *Dover*, and with the masters of vessels; as the whole are bought and well paid for of the one, and, from the shortness of the passage, generally fall untouched as perquisites to the other.

The

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The time was now come for our departure, and on board we went—where standing upon a little ceremony as to the beds, out of compliment to some female passengers, we presently perceived that the whole were taken up; and my companion and I were fain to lay, the one upon a bulk, the other upon the cabin floor.

Such are the disadvantages which the modest man frequently labours under, to which the impudent is an utter stranger—the forward and bold constantly avail themselves of the backwardness of the humble and modest, turn their punctilios into jests, and, in short, reap every advantage at their expence, save one—arising from a certain sensibility, which as they can never feel, so it is impossible to make them comprehend.

A fair wind in twelve hours carried us safe into the harbour of *Ostende*.

CHAP. IV.

In which the Traveller begs Leave to proceed in his own Way.

THE first object we met with on shore, struck my companion and me with a favourable impression of Flemish politeness—He was a private soldier, who with his hat under his arm, and a pocket book and pencil in his hand, accosted us in very good French—'Gentlemen, said he, did you come in the packet?'—Being answered in the affirmative, he bowed and proceeded—'What house do you intend to put up at?'—I told him we were going to the English consul's—He bowed again, and after a short pause—'I crave the favour of your names?'—of which being

ing informed, and having minuted the several answers, he retired with the utmost decency.

I am sensible that the questions were only of course; but the manner of putting them was very singular and striking to persons just arrived from *Dover*, where more attention is paid to business, than form; and to money, than manners; and more especially from one of his character.

Our next concern was with the custom-house; where the officers behaved with great civility; and though it was Sunday would not let strangers suffer any inconveniency on that account, but dispatched us immediately, without either sollicitation, or a fee.

This was an earnest of what I thereafter frequently experienced, during my short stay in the *Austrian Netherlands*;

lands; for to speak truth, the queen's officers, both civil and military, may be ranked among the most orderly and best-bred people in the world.

My full intention in the following sheets is to represent persons and things exactly as I found them; and surely no reasonable man can be offended thereby—I am aware that the good order, sobriety and decency which is universal among the *Flemings*, is owing in a great measure to the absolute government under which they live; at the same time that I cannot help thinking but that good order may be preserved under every government, and the laws of every civilized nation, whether absolute, or limited, tend to enforce it—But more of this hereafter.

I beg leave then to proceed in my own way—and tho' it is become so much the fashion among my countrymen of late to decry foreign customs and manners,
and

and to cry up whatever is of *British* growth, whether right, or wrong; I shall nevertheless take the liberty so far to differ from them, as to commend whatever in my judgment has appeared commendable, without dread of the forfeiture of my allegiance; and even to do justice to a monk where I have found him worthy, and I hope without the imputation of being a papist.

By such candid proceeding I flatter myself it is not impossible but that I may be able with reason to remove the illiberal prejudices of some of my readers, and to laugh away the childish notions of others.

The extreme pleasure which succeeded my dismissal at the custom-house may be easier felt by the grateful and parental heart, than described; for I found myself at once doubly welcome in the kindness of my friend, whose

B 5

house

house was as my own; and at the sight and in the reciprocal affections of my eldest daughter, after an absence of fifteen months, and whom I saw improved to my wishes.

There is certainly a great deal in setting about any thing with what we call *a good will*; and the mind being pre-disposed to favour the pursuit, lessens great difficulties and chaces away the very existence of small ones. I confess I set out with a disposition of being pleased (a disposition which I would gladly recommend to future travellers;) and though after a day's journey in a stage-coach, a hard lodging upon the cabin-floor, and a reasonable portion of sea-sickness, the spirits might be supposed to flag a little, yet nevertheless I found my heart as light as if I had slept the preceeding night upon a feather-bed.

The

The mind, for there the bliss, or misery is seated, being once attuned to happiness, the softer passions sport in the dance and revel in the joy.

In common with several of my brother travellers, I shall frequently descend to low and trite observations upon vulgar manners and customs; leaving matters of great importance to be remarked by the governors of young noblemen and the under-secretaries of embassies, who may be presumed to be best acquainted with the intrigues of courts and cabinets, and whose talents, from their respectable situations, must be held unquestionable.

But my greatest misfortune is this cursed egotism, which I find myself insensibly running into!—‘I said, and I did, and I went’—how shall I get rid of it?—for the soul of me I can’t tell!—it hurts myself—how then must

it affect my readers?—yet you'll all allow 'tis very difficult for a man to tell a story about himself, and yet to leave himself out of the question—

Of all the writers since the invention of letters, who have endeavoured to entertain the world with talking about themselves, how few have succeeded?—among the moderns I can scarcely muster above one—and he in spite of time and the change of language has pleased for almost two centuries, and in all likelihood will continue to please for other two.

It seems then that he had the art of pleasing—

Some kind genius, teach me that happy art!—for without it I shall certainly be branded for an egotist—nay, what is still more to be feared, in the true spirit of modern criticism, I shall
be

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be recorded for a fool and a blockhead by the reviewers, who will not leave me the likeness of a hog, or a dog—I shall be cut up alive, peppered, sliced and grilled upon their devils gridiron—many perhaps to laugh at, and no one to pity me!

Well, I'll avoid it as much as possible—and yet the more I endeavour the worse I find it is.

C H A P. V.

*Those that go to ROME, &c. see Ray's
Proverbs.*

HAVING feasted my eyes and ears with the sight and language of my daughter and my friend, and glutted the softer mental powers in the bewitching theory of filial affection and social friendship; after a short season-
able

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able refreshment, I could not help expressing a desire of straitway scowring the ramparts, visiting the great church, the convent of Capucins, the devout sisters of our lady of the conception, and in fine every thing which is circumscribed within the narrow limits of the garrison in as short time as possible.

But here my agreeable hostess interposed—‘ indeed, sir, you must not think of going out of this house to-day—I expect a great deal of company this afternoon——some ladies, the commandant, and the principal officers of the town and garrison—they are to drink tea and form parties at cards. ’—

Cards of a funday! thought I, O monstrous!—but I remember that used to be the heathenish practice in *France*, when I was there formerly.

Finding

Finding myself no longer in the dear land of liberty, which I had left but the day before, I held it prudent to acquiesce; and therefore desired that a barber might be sent for.

“The surgeon shall be sent for, sir—for you are to understand that throughout this country there are no vulgar barbers, but only regular surgeons are permitted to do the barber’s office.”

Why what a strange outlandish sort of a country is this that I have got into! where not one honest, duffy, greasy, lying, tale-bearing, scandal-broaching, newsmonger cut-beard is to be found!—

But if I mistake not, something very like this was the general practice in *England*; about—no matter how many years ago—it should seem then that these foreigners though very apt to change the fashions, depending upon them—

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themselves, nevertheless retain many old customs, depending more upon their governors than themselves.

So—enter the barber-surgeon with a pair of ruffles down to his fingers ends.

And pray, sir,—pardon the freedom of a stranger, who only asks for information—are all the gentlemen of this country, who profess the razor and strop, regular bred surgeons?

‘ All regular-bred, examined, and sworn-surgeons.’

And are they really—excuse my ignorance—as dextrous at amputating limbs, as at mowing beards?

‘ *C’est la meme chose.*’*

* The profession of barber-surgeon we may conclude was formerly of the most honourable class, since it reflected such dignity even upon its deputies and assistants. *Thierry de Hery*, who published a method of curing the venereal disease, printed at Paris in 1634, styles himself, *Lieutenant general du premier barbier-chirurgien du Roy*.

Sir,

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Sir, I'm very much obliged to you.

Here an Englishman, who generally has the virtue of liberality in the midst of a thousand follies and extravagancies, is much at a loss at first; for as he has been accustomed to reward merit and service according to the condition of the party, so he cannot at once sink the professor of the noble and useful art of surgery, to the vulgar state of a meer shaver.

But my good genius and hostess, perceiving my embarrassment, again interposed, desiring that I would leave it to her to settle that point, as being best acquainted with the custom of the place.—Yet the thoughts of the man's breeding and education still ran in my head,

‘ You

‘ You are to understand, sir, said she, that most things here are regulated by the state, or according to ancient usage; and you must not be surprized at finding a sensible difference in many respects between *England* and *Flanders*.

‘ You will have the pleasure of drinking tea with a very agreeable Irish gentleman, a regular physician, bred at *Louvain*, and settled here, who has so much practice, that he is upon the tramp almost from morning till night—he collects a great number of fees—’tis true, they are not large, the highest being a *Flemish Schilling*, and the ordinary a *Plaquet*.’—

Pray, madam, how much is a *Schilling*?—‘ about seven-pence sterling.’—And how much a *Plaquet*?—‘ About three-pence halfpenny.’—I thank you, madam—I give the gentleman much

joy

joy of his university-education, and of his fees.

The company met and formed a very polite circle—the commandant, a fine old gentleman, and a man of quality—but his manners would have distinguished him, if his sovereign had not.

The garrison at that time was weak, consisting only of one battalion of *De Vercy's* regiment, but all the officers, *French* and *Liegeois*, of any distinction, were there—the lieutenant colonel, the chevalier *Du M*—— a very amiable man, and his lady, the prettiest Fleming I ever saw—the chevalier *d'H*—— Mr. *B*—— Major, Mr. *H*—— &c. &c. men who had seen service and knew the world, graceful in their deportment, elegant in their behaviour, strict in their duty, regular in their conduct, and not devoid of sentiment.

But

But the military of every nation are justly esteemed the flower of gentry in point of good breeding; and in that respect the English officers are certainly upon a par with the most refined of their neighbours.

We are frequently indebted to accident for bringing about things strange, or unexpected; and as it was my particular good fortune to meet with several occurrences which gave me pleasure during my short peregrination, I shall freely communicate them to the reader in their proper places, in hopes that they will not prove altogether distasteful; especially as they may lead him to this conclusion, That society is to be found every where; and that often when we imagine ourselves at the farthest distance from our friends and acquaintance, of a sudden one whom we never dreamt of shall start up at our elbow.

Such

Such was the agreeable surprize which the traveller met with, in finding, in this company of foreigners, an old fellow-collegian, whom I had not seen or heard of during the space of twenty-seven years.

But the character which drew my attention the most of any in this polite assembly was Mr. *De B* — the pensionary of O——e, a young gentleman of a fine understanding and liberal acquirements—it was my peculiar satisfaction to be seldom from him during our four days sojourn in the garrison, and in our passage to and short stay at *Bruges*—of him I learnt several particulars relating to the practice of their courts and criminal processes, which I purposely omit, as well to avoid misrepresentation, and as the whole are to be found in their civil law books.

I cannot here omit a remark which I made in consequence of my knowledge of that gentleman, and upon further inquiry found to be strictly true; which is, That those who hold places under the government are, for the most part, men of character, education and abilities; nor do I remember to have met with a single instance in *Flanders*, or *Brabant*, wherein a scoundrel, or a fool, has been misplaced in any office befitting a gentleman and a man of sense.

‘ Those that go to *Rome*, says the proverb, must do as they do at *Rome*,’ —and though I had no particular affection to cards on a Sunday, and for my companion, I dare be sworn he had a hearty aversion to them; yet rather than be singular, we scrupled not to cut in with the rest at whist, an English game which seems to have got firm footing upon the continent.

The

The evening—the afternoon we should call it (for assemblies in that part of the world break up before the hour of meeting with us) ended with the utmost harmony; and before nine o'clock all the company were retired to their respective homes; but not without a general invitation of dining the next day at the pensioner's country-house at *Ghistel*, about seven miles from *Ostende*—a circumstance which my fellow-traveller and I were much delighted with, as it favoured us with an opportunity of seeing a part of the country which had otherwise been unknown to us, and of which place the reader will find some account in the next chapter but three.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

A Conference between the Traveller and himself, upon the Subject of Authorship.

THERE is no notion more prevalent, nor indeed any more unjust, than that the goodness, or badness of a book may be determined by the sale.

I could give the reader a hundred instances, almost as fast as I could count a hundred, to convince him that this is a very pernicious way of judging—and if one hundred were not enough, I'd give him two—and if two were not thought sufficient, he should have five hundred.

I had not proceeded far in my present undertaking, before I became desirous of seeing one of the last speck-and-span new things in my own way—accordingly

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ly I made inquiry of my bookseller--the answer was ' Out of print, sir.'

This rather served to whet the edge of my curiosity—but I must not give it up so—to another—pray, Mr. _____ could you procure me?—

I am sorry, answered the courtly dispenser of the essence of brains, that it is not in my power to oblige you; but the last copy I had *went off* three days ago; since when I could have fold—

The sale must have been very rapid?

' O, sir, it flew like wild-fire!—the last fifty I had, were gone in half an hour! '

Prodigious!—Sir, I thank you.

Well, friend Coriat Junior, what say you to this?—Here's some encouragement for us, ha!

But my curiosity must be satisfied—To a third—Sir, I should esteem it a particular favour if you could—I understand already, that it is difficult—but for the price we sha'nt disagree.

'Difficult, sir!—'tis impossible!—a thing not to be had for love or money!—but there will be a new edition in about a fortnight.'——

To talk of waiting a fortnight, to one whose expectation was so well tuned, seemed rather tantalizing—I'm sorry I troubled you, sir,—but without your assistance, I'll see it before I sleep.

'And pray Mr. Coriat Junior (for I begin to be a little curious) was you so fortunate as to meet with it?' I

I was.

‘What, that night?’

That very night.

‘I’m vastly glad!—and did you read it?’

Every letter.

‘Well, that was charming!—doubtless it repaid your curiosity!’

Suffer me to go on, and you shall hear,

In a further pursuit of this novelty, the earnest reader will conclude that I made every bookseller’s shop in my way; and the impressions which I received from their several favourable accounts bore hard upon my resolution of becoming an author.

‘ It is so pretty, familiar, and easy, said one, that you may take it up, and lay it down, just as you like.—’Tis for the pocket, or the Post-chaise; or you may read it all the while your servant is dressing your hair. ’——

A mighty pretty book, indeed, by your description!——

‘ Ay, fir, so it is—but the grand misfortune is, that gentlemen don’t write every day. ’——

I wish’d the fellow at the devil for that last expression! which sent me from his shop overwhelmed with melancholy thoughts, such as—Ay, this must needs be the case when gentlemen write! — Gentlemen are surely born with abilities proportioned to their rank and fortune!—they have that intuitively, for which common clay must sweat and labour!—

I fancy,

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I fancy, friend Coriat Junior, you and I had better drop our design in time—for who the devil will read us? —One that nobody knows, nor was ever heard of before—a fellow who travels from *London* to *Dover* in a common stage-coach—and it may be an outside passenger, the better to look about him? —It will never do—a man must be a gentleman positively, or he can never write—especially travels, which of all writing is the genteelest, next to poetry and miscellany.

A gentleman may be so like himself, so easy, so *degagé*, and so void of thought all the while—a gentleman may give himself as many airs as he pleases, without much meaning—may advance what he pleases, and censure whom he pleases—a gentleman may introduce persons and characters as familiars, whom, perhaps, he never saw—and no-

body can contradict him, that's the best of it ———

For the criticks—d—n the criticks! what gentleman was ever awed by them?—a parcel of ——— !

Indeed, my good friend, this will never do!—let us consult our ease and profit, and so think no more about it—

To be sure travelling is very expensive—and if we could prevail upon the public to pay for it—why it would be better than paying it out of our own pocket—but there's no trusting to the caprice of the public.

Well, I must see this book if 'tis to be had. ———

O, have I found you at last!—let me see. ———

CORIAT JUNIOR. 55

‘A full, true, and particular account ———’ turn over—Good!
 Bravo! Good again! Excellent! Sublime! Familiar! Genteel! Ha!
 Sparkish! A good hit! Admirable! ——— FINIS. ——— The best word in the book, by heav’ns!

My curiosity is abundantly satisfied.
 ——— And now I think we may venture
 —for after this, who need be afraid to print?—in an age when there is such a harvest of poultry writers, poor readers and puny judges.

C H A P. VII.

A short Interruption.

EARLY the next morning my companion and I ———

‘Hold, not a step farther indeed, Mr. Traveller, till you have resolved

me one question—let us clear up matters as we go, I beseech you.’

‘ Every author has a right to conceal himself under a feigned name, if he thinks proper ; and I have no intention of depriving you of that privilege—but let him do it with meaning.’

‘ JOSEPH ANDREWS and TOM JONES are both familiar English names—DON QUIXOTE, RODERIC RANDOM, PEREGRINE PICKLE, BETSY THOUGHTLESS, and TRISTRAM SHANDY, are characteristically humorous, and promise something in their very titles—but what can we make of CORIAT JUNIOR ?’---

‘ If you are CORIAT JUNIOR, for heav’n’s sake ! who was *Coriat Senior* ? or was there ever such a man ?’

Doubtless there was such a man.

‘ And

‘ And pray who was he ? and what was he ? and where did he live ? ’

I have not undertaken at this time to write his life—but I have attempted a short sketch of his character a little farther on.

‘ But how does this make me any wiser, as to your having assumed another man’s name ?——What am I to understand from it ? ’

Why, a whimsical traveller, if you will.

C H A P. VIII.

An early Ramble round Ostende, with a few fasting Reflections at the Door and in the Nave of the great Church.

EARLY the next morning my companion and I stole forth, without disturbing the good family—we took

the first avenue leading to the ramparts, and in about half an hour made a fair circuit of the walls.

But what is there here for me to admire, beyond the beautiful arrangement of stones? --- I can only learn from hence how cities may be embraced and defended from the assaults of their enemies.

‘ Who are their greatest enemies ? ’

Such as themselves.

‘ What is the true cause of their falling out so frequently among themselves ? ’

That we are often at a loss to know.

‘ Does this place appear to have been ever of consequence enough, before
fore

fore which to sacrifice the lives of an hundred thousand men?'

We must not take upon us to judge of that—places are as princes and their ministers esteem them.

'But the besiegers, I think you say, carried it at last?'

They won it foot by foot—till there was no more space left to be defended—this was tough doings—almost a four year's siege.

'What did the victors gain?'

An heap of rubbish!—Here noble and gallant *VERE, that thunderbolt of war, with an inconsiderable number, for several months opposed the persecuting power of SPAIN—*Nieuport* and *Ostende* speak the hero's martial skill and dauntless prowess, and his

* See, *Sir Francis Vere's commentaries*, published by Dillingham, Cambr. 1657. Fol.

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own commentaries record his fame.—I confess I should have loved his memory more, had he set greater value, consistent with the service, upon the lives of those whom he commanded—but too often, to raise the hero, we must sink the man.

The form of this city is perfectly regular and agreeable, consisting of a number of streets leading from one spacious center, which serves both as a market-place, and a parade for the military, on one side of which stands the Stadthouse, and on the opposite the guard-house. — It has been formerly considered as a convenient place for trade; in consequence of which the Emperor Charles VI. established an East-India company here.—But however correspondent with the natural law, free trade may be to as many kingdoms and states as can embrace it; we may conclude that it is not always consonant

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sonant to the politic—so that as this new company was like to give umbrage to some of their neighbours (who had already full enough to ruin them) it was thought best to desist, to shut up the warehouses, and to set the directors adrift, rather than to keep up a perpetual object of jealousy.

Come we next to the great church.

But what have we here without?—a representation of purgatory?—fantastic imagery!—a woman too at this early hour, the less to be observed, in act of the most fervent devotion!—mark her well.——

This can be no sneaking devotee—her graceful air denotes the contrary—the careless flowing of her veil adds dignity to the figure—her hands are not locked together, after the manner in which children are taught to beg a grand—

grandfather's blessing --- nor are they glewed, according to the monumental taste of every barbarous age. --- But the soul-petitioner, intent upon her purpose, cannot express the ardor of the mind, without displaying the gracefulness of the body.

Now sunk in deep contrition, both are abased--now exalted in lively hope, like some enraptured saint, with uplifted head, and arms out-stretched, she appears on the wing to accompany her own petition to heaven!

Prayers for the dead, by many are accounted vain---what other kind of prayers may be also of that number, we are at a loss to determine---but that devotion like her's should be fruitless, were much to be lamented.---She who in the extreme anguish of her heart, seems to suffer a purgatory upon earth.

It

It may be that she implores at the footstool of Heaven, mercy for the soul of her ever-dear, ever-honoured, late departed husband!—One on whom she doated!—whom living she loved even to a degree of idolatry!—who was to her a tower of defence against slander and malevolence, sworn foes to her virtue!—she rejoiced in him as in her strength, and her support!—she honoured him as the father of her children, and the guardian of their innocence; as the crown of her life, and as the sum of human happiness!

It may be that she loved him too well; and therefore is this heaviness come upon her—perhaps she never looked up but to him—too proud of her protector, she never cast an eye, or ever had a wish, and very rarely a thought upon any thing above him.

This

This visitation has brought her to a
furer dependance---we'll leave her to
that mercy which she so earnestly im-
plores---and enter the church. —

Well, my good friend! what think
you of popish altars?---these are the
first you ever saw.

' And far unlike any that I could
have conceived.'

Is it not then to be admired that
there should be such different paths,
and all leading to the same end ?

Those who cannot read, nor write
(and happy it is for millions that they
can do neither) may here find the story
that they fain would learn, fairly de-
picted-----for pictures speak all lan-
guages ---- Amidst all this sculpture
and painting, if the devout soul can
but steer clear of the stone and of the
canvas

canvas----so much the better----You smile---which indeed is as much as can be done in many cases that we can neither prevent, nor cure.

But we shall have leisure enough to contemplate these novelties during the course of our journey--- a truce then with this serious stuff!---or if the reader is bound to take it in the lump, let it only be introduced by a little and a little at a time.

C H A P. IX.

*Which sets off with a few Reflections upon
polite Oeconomy.*

I Have frequently heard some foreigners blamed, nay ridiculed for many things that have appeared to me praiseworthy, and which might be included under the article of POLITE OECONOMY—Among others, for their love of dress,
and

and affectation of appearance beyond the narrow limits of their fortune—but above all, for their social entertainments, to which last head I shall chiefly confine these reflections.

The general frugality that is practised by some gentlemen of small incomes, enabling them occasionally to treat their equals, and often their superiors in point of fortune (and which they do in great abundance, out of the accumulated savings in their ordinary way of living) is made the constant jest of the rich, and of such whose chief merit, perhaps is, That they have it in their power to treat every day.

But pray tell me on which side the jest truly lies?—Are we to laugh at the modest parsimony of the one, or the unfeeling arrogance of the other?

Why

Why should greatness insult lowliness ; and wherefore should meek self-denial be the scorn of wanton luxury ?

If the rich man banquets his friends on a service of plate, the frugal gentleman's service of pewter indicates as generous an intention, and is for the most part accompanied with a heartier welcome.

‘ But the folly of denying himself to keep up appearances ? ’

But the merit of denying himself, in order, as this world goes, to preserve respect ?

‘ The beggary of heating his soup, and hashing his mutton again and again, that he may afford to give a supper once a month ! — ’

The

The insolence of reproaching him with that beggary, since he never invited you to his hashed mutton—and the meanness of partaking of his more costly board, for no other end but to turn it into ridicule!

‘The vanity of apeing his betters!’—

His betters they are not:—for it may be that he can boast a descent, as illustrious as the best of them—or give him but understanding and virtue, and he seeks not to avail himself of the meer ashes of his ancestry.

‘He would—but he cannot.’—

He would be richer (for greater he cannot be)—but failing of that accident, he is contented to act in conformity with the mode—to preserve an honest independency, and to shew how far
virtuous.

virtuous economy may be used as the prop of gentility.

And so we might battle it on, for the diversion of the auditors, for half an hour longer—and which of us would be most in the right?—Neither:—How! neither of us in the right?—that seems strange!—Which would be in the wrong then?—Both.

Right and wrong depend upon numberless circumstances—Custom and education, and even locality often determine the difference.

It is right for any one decently to uphold the character of a gentleman as far as he is able, if he is conscious that many of the requisites necessary to constitute such a character, are sentimentally impressed upon his mind, and deeply engraven upon his heart—But if he is an utter stranger to those sensibilities, it is
wrong

wrong in him to wear the mask of a gentleman.

It is perfectly right and consistent with the principles of a gentleman to prefer the honour to the profits of his employment — but it would be the wrongest way of thinking in the world, for any man who meant to make the most of his place.

The company which we fortunately joined at *Ghissel*, happened to be of that sentimental cast ;—they were vainer of merited rank, than of undeserved affluence—and as several of them were distinguished with little ensigns of princely honours pendent at their button-holes, it seemed to be their chief pride so to wear them, as that the public might more and more approve their sovereign's choice.

Nor

Nor was it less mine, as often as my dear country was the subject uppermost to hear them with uncommon candour, magnify her greatness, and mutually to testify that hereditary worth and bravery were inseparable from the genius of BRITAIN.

In feasting and agreeable converse, with music and dancing we past the day—ay, and a great part of the night too:—in the excellency of the latter, I must not forget *Madame la Baronne de K*——, who though far advanced towards her grand climacteric, if not a little on the other side, out-danced the youngest of the company.

If I mistake not, somewhere here, or hereabouts, I promised to give some little account of *Ghislé*—and for that purpose my companion and I slipped out of the room after dinner, in order to reconnoitre.—The only natural

tural object that struck us was a small plantation of tobacco---the first we had ever seen growing in a common field---but this is no rarity in *Flanders*.

We next pursued our walk towards the ruined church; where happily meeting with the story of that blessed virgin-martyr saint *Godeliva*—Nay then, said I, 'twill be impossible for us to fulfill our engagement to the reader—her life deserves an history---and shall I deny her the tribute of an entire chapter?---She shall have no less.

C H A P. X.

The Traveller falls a digging among the Rubbish of Ghistel, but is prevented from making any great Progress.

WHO says that *Ovid* was a numscull?---I never said any such thing. — Does it follow because the painter

painter of the miraculous story of Saint *Godeliva* was a most ingenious artist, that therefore the tender-hearted Roman was a fool?---I have no notion of raising one character, albeit it stands confessed that he has soared somewhat above human flight, at the expence of sinking another, who has certainly merited great praise both for his own and for other inventions.

‘ Who was that painter you are speaking of?’

I never heard his name—but names are indifferent things---he lives in his works, and in his monuments — *Homer* and *Cæsar* do no more.

‘ What were his works?’

Have I not told you?---the miracles of that blessed virgin-martyr Saint *Godeliva*.

‘ What were they ? ’

That old woman, whose business it is to attend strangers, for a small fee, will inform you.

‘ Can’t you tell us as well as the old woman ? ’

If you had rather have the tale from me, I’ll do my best to satisfy you—at least to set your curiosity agog ; which is as much as I can pretend to—from an accident that happened to frustrate my design.——

‘ What accident ?—what design ?—I don’t understand you.’——

I’m very glad of it ; as it affords me an opportunity of explaining myself.

But

But first of all it is proper to acquaint you, that *Ghistel*, once the boast of her province, and the pride of her encircling hamlets—or, (to speak more intelligibly)—that *Ghistel*, which, if I am not misinformed, was ranked some centuries ago, as the second or third city in *Flanders*, is now reduced to an inconsiderable village; nor could I perceive any thing that denoted its pristine grandeur, save the remains of a castle, formerly possessed by its ancient counts, and about one half of a fine old church, large enough for its present inhabitants, which, if my memory fails me not, is dedicated to Saint *Godeliva*.

‘ Pray who was she?’

Why she was the daughter of a count of *Boulogne*, and the wife of a certain count *Rodolphus*—or it might be, that she was the wife of the count of *Boulogne*, and the daughter of somebody else—the story is a little obscured by time, the

mon obscurer of many a good story.—
However certain it is that she was one
man's daughter and another man's
wife.——

‘The first I shall readily grant you
—but cannot so easily give into the
other---because I think you set out
with calling her a virgin-martyr.’

And so she was notwithstanding---I
hope you won't discredit my relation
upon that account---there is nothing
uncommon in that---I could produce
you twenty such instances.---Heaven
was pleased to make her the child of a
hard-hearted father; and as a further
trial of her unexampled patience, that
she should be the spouse of a tyrannical
and cruel husband.

‘All-bounteous heaven!-----but it
might be that the count's cruelty arose
from the lady's obstinacy, in peevishly
deny-

denying him that, to which by the matrimonial rite he had an indubitable claim---that alone for which the husband always gives a large consideration, and sometimes pays more for than it is worth.'

I cannot answer for his barbarity---true it is, that if the Saint was previously dedicated to the temple, as we have reason to think she was, and that her earthly marriage was rigorously enforced upon her, it would have been damnable in the count to have asserted his fancied prerogative; and the most heinous sacrilege he could have been guilty of, to have violated her sweet shrine upon any pretence whatsoever.

' Well, but the pictures.' ---

Patience---and you shall have them.
---One of the ailes of the remaining part of the church, forms her chapel,

and is hung round with twelve large historical pictures, representing as many of her trials and miracles.---Now those, you must know it was my full intention to bring away with me,---don't mistake me---not the pictures themselves---no, I had not any such sacrilegious design---but the stories there depicted---but unfortunately was prevented.

‘What prevented you?’

That you shall hear presently.---However I made the best use of my time; and I trust the courteous reader will accept of these specimens as an earnest of my kind intention.

This incomparable lady from her early years appears to have been blessed with the tenderest heart that ever melted in a human breast towards the wants of others; and as she grew up, this darling

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ing principle waxed stronger—alms-deeds were her chief delight; and so that she was but continually employed in relieving the distressed, what did it signify if thereby she kept her father and his household in everlasting confusion? —‘What’s become of all the victuals?’ cries one—‘What devil has ran away with my lord’s dinner?’ raves another—no matter---the poor it is to be hoped have had a good meal-----and his lordship may send to market for more.

Fie on mother Goose!----she was an errant goose---and her tales, mere tales compared with the acts of Saint *Godeliva*!

‘I wish you would produce the specimens.’

You shall have them--- the first then exhibits the fair almoner with her lap full of loaves, as we are to suppose (for

she had just been clearing the cupboards of all the bread) going out of her father's house to make her wonted distribution among the poor---close at her heels followed the steward---it might be that he lay in wait for her---'Have I caught you, miss, thinks he!---now surrender to me your charge---after this manner the bread is disposed of, and my lord is perpetually finding fault with the baker's extravagant bill, at the same time that the servants protest they are half-famished, and can scarce get any thing to eat.'

Whether this paragon of purity denied the fact, or tryed to extenuate it, or wished to have it concealed from her enraged fire, is uncertain—most probably neither—but that instantaneously she betook herself to presto-prayer!--for, upon the steward's unfolding her apron to make good his charge, the little
brick-

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brick-loaves were suddenly converted into little fuel-billets!—There was a pretty metamorphosis for you!

‘Mighty ingenious, I confess; and what few people would have thought of.’

The subject of the second picture is as follows—The count her father having prepared a magnificent banquet, upon some solemn occasion—perhaps that of his daughter’s nuptials—to which all the kings and princes, with their consorts, within twenty, or thirty miles of *Ghistel* were invited—the company being met, and ready to eat their fingers with impatience—of a sudden the cooks and their associates discover that the whole entertainment had been secretly swept away—this strange news presently reaches the ears of the footmen—who whisper it to the clerk of the kitchen—who relates it to the gentle-

men in waiting—who carry it to the steward of the household—who privately communicates it to the old count; adding of his own head, ‘that he suspected this to be one of miss *Godeliva*’s tricks’—and, tauntingly, ‘that the poor would not want sauce for one while---but that really his lordship’s cooks would gain very little credit.’

Stung with disgrace and disappointment, the old count stamped, swore, raved, bit his nails, gnashed his teeth, beat his forehead, smote his breast, crossed himself, and grew a little composed!--Anon, he roared out, ‘bring in the dinner!--how long are my noble friends to wait?’—But upon the steward’s refreshing his lordship’s memory, ‘that the poor had eat it all up!’—he began again to execrate, cursing his stars, himself, his daughter, his house, and all his princely guests!--‘Where’s *Gode-*

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Godoliva?—where is the sorceress?—bring her before me!

The trembling fugitive is brought to answer for her ill-timed charity—the enraged father's looks are direful!—his menaces to extort the truth, fearful to human ears!—O more than savage count?—the sweet saint, all bathed in tears! prostrate before him!—implores——

‘What?—a miracle to be sure—for nothing less could save her at such a pinch!’

---Present relief---in the name of him (as the old woman informed us) who had miraculously fed five thousand, &c.

In the twinkling of an eye, the turbots, turtles, haunches and sirloins (or other cates which might have been

D 6 thought

thought as good in those days) dance back invisibly into their respective platters, and are found to the astonishment of the beholders, marshalled in the same order in which they were to be placed upon the tables?—was not that a banquet lost and found, think you?

‘ This may be accounted a double miracle---for the conveyance was almost as astonishing as the re-conveyance.’

What strange employments princesses were set upon formerly, and what wretched shifts they were often reduced to !---Our ladies have no notion of such doings now-a-days--we commonly meet with one at a washing tub—and with another, when the king of the Peacocks, or some other great potentate comes to demand her highness in marriage—the fame of whose beauty had refounded to the utmost verge, not only

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ly of his dominions, but of the most distant kingdoms upon earth! —we are shocked to hear that such a paragon of beauty is confined to her bed, while her slippers are gone to be heel-pieced! —or that her highness is locked up, because forsooth, she has no cloaths to appear in!

Upon recollecting these ancient and well-attested relations, shall we then wonder to find in the legend of *Saint Godeliva* that that peerless princess was once humbled to a meer scare-scrow; her post having been to frighten away the birds from a field of ripe corn—at one extremity of the field stood a fair chapel, such as pilgrims frequently meet with by the way side—to this inviting house of prayer the sweet scare-crow often repaired, unmindful of her charge.—These were so many favourable occasions, as you will suppose, for the watchful feathered songsters to make
havock

havock of the ripe ears :--no such thing, I promise you—they might hover over them if they pleased, but, in her absence they dared not to touch a single grain :—and this is the subject of the third tablature.

But who have we here ?—as I live ! the pensioner and all the company— they have followed us out of meer civility—I wished their civility at the devil !

‘ Sir ’ said the pensioner, and blushed as he spoke—‘ these pictures are not for you ’—observing that I had a pencil in my hand, he was inquisitive to know, what use I had made of it ?—I told him very innocently — at which I perceived the colour in his cheeks grew higher ; which by a sudden sympathy kindled a kindred glow in mine— ‘ I can furnish you with more rational entertainment,’ said he—‘ here is an inscription of the
twelvth

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twelvth century'—leading me to the spot--a pox take all inscriptions! thought I—can you find me such another set of pictures?

And must I leave thee, thou dulcet *Godeliva*! divine cherub! chaste star of *Ghistel*! whose fame survives thy country's wreck!— I meant, sweet shade! at least to have learned the story of thy life, and then to have composed thy litany.

But I am fated to sacrifice three parts of my enjoyment to tyrannous mode, and arbitrary politeness—'tis what I have done all my life.

To tell you the truth the pensioner and I looked very queer at each other as long as we remained in the church—if our eyes chanced to meet, it was to our mutual confusion, and when we spoke,
the

the same bashful hesitation faltered upon either tongue.

Indeed I thanked him for his inscription, but was so little interested in the subject, that I don't remember a syllable of it.—It was forced upon me, and therefore I was not disposed to receive it.—It might have come in its turn well enough,—but not to the prejudice of divine *Godeliva*.

He marked my indifference, and was vexed—and I was as much perplexed that he saw it—I am persuaded that each considered the other as being in an awkward situation.

Unfortunately the subject was of that delicate nature that it would not admit of an explanation—the less that was said upon it the better.

He

He might suspect that I considered the pictures in a ridiculous light—perhaps he considered them in the same light, but in a less degree of ridicule.

Let no man henceforward, who would be thought polite, offend against another's private sentiments in matters of faith, or the established religion of a country where he chances to sojourn.

The gentleman who shared with me in this dilemma (I still mean the pensioner, but would avoid repeating his title so often) is blest with a countenance which strongly indicates an informed mind—now and then you meet with such faces—his was remarkably intelligent upon this occasion--- so that without asking his judgment upon the pictures, I could read it in very legible characters, purporting, 'that men of understanding are justified in abetting the religion of their country; but they may

may not be compelled to adopt every foolery belonging to it.'

C H A P. XI.

A few affecting Twitches, which, it is to be hoped, arise naturally out of the Subject.

BY Saint *Godeliva*!—who shall henceforth be the divinity that I will deprecate, as often as I undertake the cause of injured innocence, and defenceless beauty.

By Saint *Godeliva*! said I, 'tis monstrous, cruel, unnatural!—nor will I admit of any argument in defence of so unfeeling, so inhuman a practice!

This was spoken to that modest and well-deserving gentleman, doctor *M^c V.* as we were coming out of the convent of the devout sisters of *Our Lady of the Conception*.

Among

Among other debts of obligation which I owe to the good doctor, I shall not readily forget his kindness in introducing me to the company of some of the nuns of that holy sisterhood; and in particular to my fair countrywoman, sister *Grace Fox*, who tho' born and bred a protestant of the church of *England*, had been soothed, or tempted, or some how or other constrained to take the habit of that order.

Indeed 'tis a most bewitching habit—enough to make any girl enamoured with a cloyster, who was but sensible of her own charms (as most are, who have any; and many fancy, who have none) and conceited how well she would become it.—'Tis of fine white woollen cloth, spotless as the lambkin's fleece, from whence it is derived, and symbolical of its native purity—the thin, transparent, black veil adown the face, contrasts the red and white—which,
from

from its gentle waving, still opens new beauties, still conceals what may be better imagined—the most loosely-attired coquet cannot display the thousandth part of them.

But turn thine eyes from it, thou fair observer!—too easily enticed by false appearance—susceptible alike of good and evil—for, take my word, *there's magic in the web of it!*—The moment thou puttest it on, thy beauties storehouse, the pride of Heaven, thyself, and all mankind, will become a piteous charnel!—thy fair opening blossoms will wither, thy roses fade, thy lillies shrink from their whiteness!—thy silken locks for ever be concealed—thy crystal orbs cease to emit their wonted fires!—thy fragrant breath which late out-vied the morning's freshness, be thenceforth spent in broken and causeless sighs!—thyne eyes will be directed to turn inwards, there to behold the spotless chamber

ber of thy soul !---wretched conceit !---
 alas ! that thou mightest well do, hadst
 thou no eyes at all !---who then shall
 mark thy witching airs, thy easy steps,
 thy graceful motions ?---None but Di-
 vinities shall hear thy soft, melting
 speech---none but angels catch the en-
 rapturing music of thy voice !

What a pity it is to see so many
 delicate young creatures shut up from
 society !---the very ends of their being
 blasted !---created to charm, to cheer,
 to be admired—to love and to be loved
 —to taste the riches of increase---to
 rejoice in their maker's bounty, not li-
 mited to them alone, but extended to
 their numerous offspring !

What a perversion of scripture is
 here ?---Virgins and lamps !---vessels
 of honour and leafy trees !---which are
 the foolish virgins ?---those who at-
 tended the bridegroom's coming, or
 those

those who went not till it was too late! --- which are the most honourable, the full or the empty vessels! --- which the goodliest tree, the leafy or the fruitful?

Here buried alive, they grow and wither in obscurity—they may not be touched, scarce looked upon, their fragranciness never once to be tasted!— their sweet breath serving only to bedew and perfume the hallowed walls, rendered such by immuring them.

And so the conversion of my pretty countrywoman, it seems, was, in a great measure, owing to the present pious bishop of *Bruges*.

His lordship had learnt that her inclination was wavering, her faith unsteady, her means of support slender—here a fine opportunity presented itself of taking her soul into keeping, of fixing her faith

faith, and at the same time of securing her body's maintenance—he paid down the price of her admission among the *Conceptionists*.

To establish the wavering mind—to receive the stranger—to patronize the wretched, are certainly acts of great humanity, and becoming a bishop as much as any man whatsoever.—His lordship, no doubt was happy in thinking that he had gained a soul—but I dare say he never once reflected how many good subjects the king my master may have lost through his zeal, and Heaven perhaps as many saints.

Your pardon my dear doctor, 'tis your want of consideration, not mine—no man upon earth loves, honours, respects them more than myself—you consider them too partially—my affection for them is as unbounded as love itself—you only want to add to the
number

number of the elect—I would wish to increase the inhabitants of Heaven.

I know you are a papist, doctor, and from a fondness for your female relations may wish to have two thirds of your sisters, aunts and cozens become nuns and saints—but I, upon sound protestant principles, cannot for the soul, or for the body of me, or both united, consider a woman, but as a woman.

CH A P. XII.

Of the Passage by Water from Ostende to Bruges.

FOUR days and a great part of a fifth spent in such a narrow confine as *Ostende*, were enough to make any stranger tired of her bleak prospects, which hardly admit of a tree—but it is not such an easy matter to grow tired

tired of company that we affect—on the contrary, the longer we stay, the less inclined we are to depart; nor is there any thing more common than for friendships to ripen from accidental meetings.

If any difficulty should arise upon that head, the best way to solve it, is to pursue the method that was successfully practised by my fellow-traveller and me; which was to prevail upon some of them to accompany us a part of the journey—accordingly the sensible pensioner went on with us to *Bruges*, the polite chevalier *D'H——* to *Ghent*, the lady in whose house we had experienced so much courtesy, to *Brussels*, and my daughter of course, to the end of my observations.

We took boat at *Ostende*, and proceeded to *Sas*, where we went on board the *Bruges* barge at three in the after-

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noon, the precise hour of setting out, after taking leave of the courteous Dr. *M^c V*—— and others who attended us thither.

The *Sas*, or sluice which opens to the grand canal, supplying it with seawater upon the flowing of the tide, is justly admired as one of the finest, if not first work of its kind in *Europe*—the beautiful saw-mills, in number sixteen (fourteen of which are for planks, and two for laths) are esteemed perfect models in their way—the elegant manner of setting them down in rows, so as to form as it were a little village of mills, has a pleasing effect, and a certain proof how much we are caught with regularity in some works of art.—The architect of them is still living—I had the pleasure of meeting with him some days after at *Mechlin*, and he did not appear to me to be a meer mill-wright—indeed there is
so

so much taste in those works over and above the mechanical knowledge requisite, as bespeak him something more.

I shall not take upon me to determine how far we are benefitting ourselves by all the rage of improvement with which we seem to be possessed—nor, whether the introduction of saw-mills would be an advantage?—all I shall observe is, that our neighbours find their account in them; and that they avail themselves of their mechanics (in every kind of mill-work especially) far more than we do—I could easily point out a small district in *Holland*, inferior to the ordinary extent of a parish, which contains more mills, than a whole province with us.

This is vulgarly supposed to be entirely owing to the accident of their watery situation—but it is a great mistake, for they are all wind-mills.

Not to disappoint our northern navigation, nor to starve a number of our own industrious poor (God forbid !) are weighty considerations—I would not be instrumental either to the one, or the other.—On the contrary, was it within the compass of my slender ability, to throw out such hints as might be the means of my country's spreading more canvas upon the bosom of the ocean; and starting fresh matter of employment for my poor fellow subjects at home; I should be too happy—I should be rich myself, even to a degree of voluptuousness.

In the mean time if, after due consideration, saw-mills are thought necessary, I have only pointed out where the most perfect models are to be found.

There are coaches, or diligences which go, I believe, regularly between *Ostende*, *Slyk* and *Bruges*, but the most pre-

preferable conveyance, whenever the canals are open, is, in my opinion, by water.

The passage from *Ostende* to *Bruges* in a large commodious barge, drawn by a pair of horses along the great cut, or grand canal, called the *Bruges*-canal, is really delightful, and affords a new and agreeable scene to persons unacquainted with inland navigation.

I cannot precisely determine the number of tons burden of those vessels; neither is it material, as they are not constructed so much for goods and merchandize, as for the accommodation of passengers; which end is happily effected by the genteel and orderly manner of conducting them.

Those who never travelled in any way resembling this, nearer than a West-Country-*barge*, a *Gravesend*-

boat, or a Margate-hoy, will be able to form but very inadequate ideas—in either of which 'tis great odds if the sober traveller meets with any thing but dirt, and disorder, and rascally company; spontaneous in that vile ribaldry called *water-wit*; but who have no sense of any pleasantry, but that which consists in prophaneness and abuse.

Persons of a sober cast, and endued with common reflection, whose business, or convenience may occasionally make them prefer cheapness to every other consideration, must needs be unhappy in such miserable society—and even those who glory most in their native freedom, cannot but lament the abuse of it, which appears in the general depravity and licentiousness of the common people.

On the contrary there you meet with nothing but harmony—the utmost civility

lity to strangers, and propriety to each other—you might as soon expect to partake of the diversion of ducking a pick-pocket, as to hear an indecent word, far less an oath, from the mouth of the meanest passenger; or to see a battle-royal fought upon the deck, as to perceive the least immodest action, or gesticulation in any of the company.

The barge is divided into three parts—in either extremity is a handsome cabin (high enough in the roof for a tall man to stand upright) genteely fitted up with looking-glasses, curtains and other necessary furniture—the cabin in the stern is always reserved for the states of the province, and is therefore called the states-cabin; and that in the head, is for the better sort of passengers, or those who pay the first price—the middle, is for inferiors, who pay half-price, as well as for the religious of the Mendicant orders, who abound in that country.

try, and some or other of them are constantly to be met with in the barges—they are well received by the skippers, and pass *gratis* from one place to another.

There is not the least confinement on board ; but the passengers stay below, or walk the deck ; form themselves into little parties of conversation, or cards ; or remain solitary, or read, as the weather and their different dispositions suit.

There is a good road, or causeway on either side the canal, on the right of which in going, a postilion with a pair of horses and a splinter-bar at the end of the traces, to which a small cord leading from the mast is fastened, move on at an equal trot—when the wind serves, they hoist a sail, which happened to be the case that afternoon.

Nothing

Nothing can be more agreeable than the equal motion, and almost imperceptible gliding along—the time passes insensibly in courteous company and polite conversation ; in writing letters, or in recollecting and preparing the particular business you may have in hand.

To strangers, in fine weather, it is perfect solace to sit under an awning in the steerage, to traverse the deck, to behold the beautiful bed of water, cut in a strait line for several miles in length, and farther than the eye can reach ; either side in some parts planted with trees ; and as the country thereabouts is very open, and well stocked with villages, which throughout the province are within a league of each other, the traveller may in one circumference count (as I have done) above twenty parish-churches, besides a great number of convents, castles, gentlemen's seats and ruins.

The vessel will easily accomodate three, or four score passengers—there people of all ranks and professions mix promiscuously—clergy and laity; persons of the most respectable character in the country, and often high in office; ladies and gentlemen; chanoines of cathedrals, curates of parishes, and conventual priests and friars; merchants and artificers; countrymen and their wives—for quietness, you might even fancy yourself at church—and though the garb of the ordinary people is coarse and plain, yet 'tis commonly neat, and never offensive.

In a time of general national improvement in our own country, when arts, manufactures and commerce are rising (I rather should say, are rose) to such a height, as scarcely any nation has ever equalled, and none excelled; among other works of rare genius and industry, no wonder that certain

tain great spirits have lately arisen among us, who with consummate judgment have planned, and at an immense labour and expence have carried their noble design into execution.

But what is too vast for the mind of man?—he who can measure time and space, and number infinities, and map the universe!—create a force that might suspend the globe!—explore the bowels of the earth, and find out its contents and uses!—bid navies rise, and have free and safe passage through the boundless ocean!—can seemingly invert the established laws of nature—he who can tame the fiercest savage, can certainly change the course of a current—he who can make a lion crouch, may be presumed to be capable of guiding the goodly merchant ship through paths where corn and herbage lately grew.

Well might our arch-poet * stand in admiration of his own image, and cry out in extasy!

What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

Blessings be the present reward of their labour, as future honour can never fail to crown their memory to latest, latest time!

I have no doubt but that the undertakers and encouragers are already apprized of every end of their grand design, and of every means to effect it—they have already given, as I am informed, sufficient testimony of their profound skill in the science of le-

* SHAKESPEARE.

velling,

velling, draining, imbanking, &c. — but their candour, I'm persuaded, will pardon my presumption (for candour is generally, and should be always found with the ingenious) unequal as I am to the task, or in the remotest way to aid their endeavours, for dropping a hint which may be useful, at least, to future undertakers--that in case of any difficulty, the curious searcher may be almost sure of overcoming it, by a due observation of different parts of the *Netherlands*.

The cutting and imbanking the *Bruges*-canal, as well as many more through which I afterwards pass; their draw bridges raised with as much ease, as buckets of water; turn-bridges, as the bars of turnpikes; stupendous flood-gates thrown open, with little more difficulty than a pair of folding doors, letting ships of two or three hundred tons burden pass through, and gently closing again—such glorious proofs of human

human wit and industry, thought I, may be no ways striking (like St. Paul's cathedral and Westminster abbey) to those who see them every day—but to me, who I confess had but very imperfect ideas of such perfect works, they appear great, immense, astonishing!

If any thing can favour the description more, which I have given of the pleasure and satisfaction arising from this water-conveyance, give me leave to add, that it is the entire security you enjoy as to your person and goods.—People who are naturally fearful of the water, may rest as well satisfied as if in their own chambers; the apparent possibility of any danger being cut off—Those who are negligent of their concerns, need not be under any pain on account of their carelessness, provided they are sure that they dropt, or left any thing in the barge.

In

In a *Graysend* boat, or a *London* hackney-coach, if a passenger should leave any thing behind him, 'tis a hundred to one if he recovered it from the moment he turned his back—but there it is far otherwise, for if one of the company should chance to forget a parcel, or drop his purse, or his watch, or a diamond ring from off his finger, he would be sure to find it a month afterwards.

The *Flemings*, even the meanest of them, are honest—but the master of a barge, or a coach is unexceptionably so—a stranger may always leave it to one of those people to pay himself, and there is no danger of his taking a farthing more than his due.

The passage from *Ostende* to *Bruges* is called four hours, or leagues; for throughout the *Netherlands* distance is com-

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computed by time—but having a fair wind, we performed it in about two hours and a half.

CHAP. XIII.

Somewhat about TOM CORIAT; and of the Advantage of talking Latin.

I Am but a poor scholar, God help me!—my old namesake, honest TOM CORIAT, was a very great one—honest Tom! who was certainly a wiser man than the world thought him; and a better, than many of those that laughed at him—who not contented with being laughed at, at home, chose to take great strides * upon the continents of EUROPE and ASIA, and doubtless set folks a tittering wherever he went.

* He traversed a great part of EUROPE and ASIA on foot.

TOM

TOM posselt one part of *Falstaffe's* character in a very eminent degree; and if he was not over-witty himself, he was the true cause that wit was in other men.*

TOM was the *jig-maker* of the court—the *vice* of every comedy, and the *punch* of every puppet-show of his time; whether acted by lords and ladies at Saint James's, by aldermen and their wives in their *Guildhall*, by poets and their punks in taverns, or by grave heads of houses and their fellows in the universities.

Poor TOM! as many of us know, lived about a hundred and fifty years since—when, or where, or in what manner he died, nobody can tell with any certainty.

* See the verses, some of which are incomparably humorous, prefixed to his *Crudities*, 4to. Lond. 1611—or a re-publication of the same with additions, under the title of *The Odeombian Banquet*; *dishest forth* by Thomas the Coriat; 4to. 1611—Also the works of *John Taylor*, the *Water-Poet*, fol. Lond. 1630.

TOM was a great *German*, and little less a *Latinist*:—and indeed the knowledge of some one or two more, besides the mother tongue is absolutely necessary in travelling:—more especially if your mother happened to be an *Englishwoman*, or a *Dutch-woman*, a *Dane*, a *Norwegian*, or a *Laplander*; a *Swede*, a *Russ*, or a *Pole*; with some others that I could name, if I was at leisure:—though I ought to beg pardon for the two last-mentioned, they being both dialects of the *Slavonic*, which is spoken by more nations and countries than I shall enumerate at this time; or indeed than any other *European* language:—but for the rest, they are absolutely fettered down to their own particular districts and provinces.

If your mother happened to be a *German*, you might then traverse a vast tract of country, and pass for an intelligent creature:—but if a *Swiss*, so much the

the better ; nor need I wish you a better fortune—for then one might be sure that you had risen a learned man from your cradle.

If she chanced to have been a *French-woman*, I congratulate you from my soul!—provided that you are not too conceited with it ; and vainly expect that all mankind as well as yourself ought to speak French, because, forsooth, your mother was a *French-woman*.

Now this is really so far from being the true state of the case, that tho' you meet with several who can speak that almost universal language, it is also certain that you may encounter with many who are as totally ignorant of the *French* as I am of the *Arabic*.

For example—I met with a pious soul of a *Recollet* in the barge passing between *Ostende* and *Bruges*, who was
first

first reading his breviary, next bidding his beads—then another page or two of the breviary; and then another round or two of the beads.—When he had performed his devout exercises, he had leisure to look at me—and I looked at him again.

He accosted me in *Latin*, and I answered him in *French*—I presently found that the father did not understand a word of *French*; and I dare say the good man was as well satisfied, that if I had a few Latin words, I hardly knew how to put them together;—yet still we conversed, and made it out as well as we could:—the conversation was really edifying—but it would have been much more so, had we understood each other better.

This was not the only instance by a great many that I met with, of the advantage of the *Latin* even above the
French

French—especially in visiting the monasteries, which is to me by much the most entertaining part of a journey in the *Austrian Netherlands*—The past religious state of our own country naturally recurs to us, and its monastic antiquities are familiarised, with all the spirit of real life and action.

In all the modern tongues that we acquire, to be able to speak is a great object, as well as to read and understand.—I marvel then that it should be so much neglected in learning the dead languages, especially the *Latin*, as it is in our schools and seminaries.

For my part, I am so thoroughly satisfied of its utility, and so must every gentleman who would chuse to *improve* himself by travel; that I am determined the first opportunity I have, to renew my acquaintance with my old friend *Erasmus*—And if any success should follow

follow this well-intended work, out of the first end of it will I enrich my library with a complete set of *Clarke's* classics with literal translations; and another set of *Dr. Stirling's* with verbal indexes.

One ought never to be too old to learn.

After having made a tolerable progress in reading, I'll set about speaking—and if I can get nobody to talk with me—why I'll talk to myself.

One should not be always reading; 'tis idle—and without communication, unprofitable.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Of our Arrival at BRUGES.

MY intention is not to *make* a great book, but to *write* a little one.—I could easily collect a huge volume of excellent materials (with far less trouble than I take in spinning out my own cobwebs) since many of the ablest pens have been employed upon the history of the *Netherlands*; and endeavour to palm them upon the public for my own—but wherefore should I plunder the dead, to punish the living?

Or with more candour than wit, more labour than fancy, and less judgment than reading, I might entertain my customers for a month together, with long-winded quotations from *Guicciardini*, *Bentivoglio*, *Strada*,
Grotius,

Grotius, *Sanderus* and many more—steal sentences from some, and plans and prospects from others—but since those men have merited so well of the republic of letters, why should I attempt to enervate them, and haſh their venerable remains according to my conceit?—let each ſtand ſingle and independent upon his own bottom—may he ſtill be read, ſtill inform, and ſtill have our tribute of praiſe—and ſo may every author who deſerves it.

The ingenious compiler of the *grand tour*, in common with ſeveral of his brethren, informs us that *Bruges* comes from *Bridges* (and of courſe *Bridges* from *Bruges*) of which they ſay there are above two hundred in this city—It may be ſo, for, upon my honour, I never counted them, no more than I did the ſtreets, which, it ſeems, amount to two hundred and ſixty.

They

They tell you moreover that there are about seventy parochial and conventual churches—I can easily believe it from the astonishing number of ecclesiastics, secular and regular, which are seen in the streets, and who abound full as much here as in any city in the Netherlands.—I tell you very fairly that my time was so short that I saw but little of that once flourishing city, arriving there only in the evening, and leaving it by nine o'clock the next morning; so that it was with the utmost difficulty in so large a place, that I made shift to run up one street and down another—to pop my head first into one church, then into another——If any of the courteous inhabitants did me the honour of a salute *en passant*, as is very customary; to present them with my best bows in return—to step into one shop, and ask for snuff; and into another, to buy a memorandum-book, with the better grace to inform myself

of the name of such a place, or such an edifice—to thank them for their information, and to forget both by the time I had turned the corner of the next street; with many more impertinencies of the same kind, in the true spirit of modern travelling.—Yet what little I saw, I liked; and what I liked, I needs must commend.

But before I enter upon any further particulars respecting the city, let me, like a faithful guide, disembark my readers, and convey them in the most agreeable manner from the barge without the *Ostende* port, to Myn Heer *Vanderbergh's* at the Corn-Bloom (*Fleur de Bled*) the house of our destination.

At our near approach to the landing-place, I was struck with the appearance of about half a dozen fine equipages, that were waiting, as I concluded, for some of the passengers, gentlemen and ladies

ladies to whom they belonged, and whose quality I began to take into further consideration.

As I am confident that at least one half of my readers would have been of the same opinion, so I shall not be ashamed to acknowledge that I was under a very great mistake; and that those same equipages, fine as they were, with all their carving and gilding, their plate glasses before and behind and on either side, their velvet linings, fringes and tassels, turned out to be only a stand of hackney coaches, one of which was immediately secured for our company.

Before you can be admitted within the gates of any city in the Austrian Netherlands, it is necessary to answer a few lawful questions; such as, Who you are? whence you came? your business? and, in particular, if you have any uncustomed goods?—Nor are those

questions put to strangers only, but even the natives of the country, as often as they travel, must give account of themselves. — However disagreeable such interruptions may be to people who have been used to do as they list, and to come and go as they please ; yet as we don't find that this authority is ever abused, no inconveniency can possibly arise to quiet subjects and harmless travellers—on the contrary, the security of both depends upon the rigour of the state ; and to the vigilance and uprightness of the magistracy, and the exemplary lives of the clergy it is owing that their populace are far more civilized than ours ; that prophane swearing, drunkenness, and other licentious abominations are discountenanced, and knavery crushed in the bud ; and that numberless crimes which are the growth of free cities are very rare among the Flemings.

As

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As *Bruges* afforded no novelty to any of our party, who had been often there before, save to my fellow-traveller and myself, we chose rather to walk to the inn, than to be shut up in one of their fine hacks.--It is impossible for a stranger not to be struck with the approaches to the city, the solemnity of the ports, the neatness of the streets, the capaciousness of the markets, the venerable aspects of the churches, monasteries, and public edifices, the stateliness of some houses and the elegance of others; add to these, the universal tranquility among the inhabitants that succeeded their jubilee which ended but three days before, and you have a faint idea of what *Bruges* is.—What it was, you may partly gather from the general face of antiquity which appears throughout its buildings; the thinness of its inhabitants, compared with its circumference; from its immense weighing engines, now fallen to decay; from many of its

canals overgrown with grass, leading to spacious warehouses which were once the chief repositories in Europe! and from other circumstances which sufficiently shew the nothingness of human grandeur, and the vicissitude of human things.

Yet such is the will of Heaven, that every sublunary state should suffer change; and that as wise and virtuous men for the most part have been the founders and improvers of cities; so weak and wicked princes, or their ministers have been deemed fit instruments for their ruin and overthrow.

But if *commerce* is fallen among them, *religion* still lifts her head; and if the number who wait upon the altar can be admitted in testimony of the piety of its inhabitants; this surely may be accounted *an holy city*—priests and prophets in abundance—but not one
Jeremiah

Jeremiah to be found to lament over her!—the truth is, that they of all people have the least cause for lamentation.

But 'tis time to take a little notice of the situation of our inn, lest we should strole too far and forget the way back.—Upon my word, a very good house!—methinks I could wish it stood a little more airy—I have no other objection—O, here comes our landlord—

‘ Your servant, gentlemen!—welcome to *Bruges*!—Your company’s up stairs!—Shew the room, *Peter*!—The ladies are just going to drink tea!—Supper will be ready at eight precisely!—a great many strangers in town!—answer the bell there!—your servant, gentlemen!’ —————

All in a breath—thank you, Mr. *Vandenbergh*! — a mighty civil host, and as fluent as a London vintner.

Why then, my worthy companion, I propose that we join with our party in a general welcome to this capital, that we take a refreshing dish of tea standing, that we ramble as long as it may be convenient, and afterwards betake ourselves to the book-seller's shop over the way, and there wait the call to supper.

The shops of booksellers should always be visited by the curious traveller; since they may be considered as the abstracts of the genius and learning of the country.—A well-read, and at the same time a well-bred man, might in half an hour learn to dress his conversation by them; chusing such subjects as were most for his own information, and best suited to the humour of the people, and avoiding

avoiding such as he apprehended might give offence.—I am so clear in this conceit, tho' some may be disposed to laugh at it (and they have free leave so to do) that I don't know whether in some situations I would not pay the bookseller a visit, even before I had sent for the dresser.

To strengthen this opinion, and to guard against the sneers of some of my merrily-disposed readers, give me leave to observe, that if I had been hoodwinked, and privately conveyed from *London*, not knowing whither I was going, and had been set down in Myn Heer *Van Praet's* shop at *Bruges*, as soon as mine eyes had been uncovered and that I could look about me, I should not have hesitated a moment to pronounce that the religion of the country was popish, and the bulk of the inhabitants, bigots.—Upon a slight survey I should have discovered that the country was *Flan-*

F 5
ders,

ders, and a little more reflection would have opened to me that the secular clergy were profound canonists and not a little enveloped in the rubbish of the schools; but that the regulars delighted mostly in monastical history and the lives of saints and founders; that the learned laity were able civilians but vague philosophers, the principles of *Descartes* being still the reigning ones, maugre all experiment;— that from the number of obsolete books of medicine, I should judge their physicians depended more upon reading than practice: — that the politer fort amused themselves with the antiquities of their own country, and the genealogies of their own houses (a voluminous body!) and that their *belles lettres* were the last new books imported from *France*.

Have I made it out? —if not, I must postpone it till another opportunity—
for

for see, the waiter is come to tell us that supper is ready.

A mighty genteel company indeed! —among whom it was my particular good fortune to be seated next to a very agreeable English lady—we did not know one another at first—I don't know how we should, for we had never seen each other before—however, I was not unknown to her husband, who was at table, and very near me, though I did not see him—so after supper we became a little better acquainted.

I find that good eating is no new thing upon the continent, though some have misrepresented that matter—for my old namesake extolled it highly in several places above a century and a half ago—like a true son of Britain and good cheer, he exulted in the number of dishes, and admired that any one

might stuff away for two hours together at so moderate a charge as fifteen, or twenty-pence a head.

Indeed ours was, to use one of Tom's favourite adjectives, a most *delectable* repast! consisting of at least fifty covers, including the desert—thanks to the confederate Mr. *Vandenbergh* who studies as much as any man to hit all palates, without laying too heavy a tax upon their pockets.

Upon hearing Mr. D——'s name mentioned, I began to look about—and who should it be but Mr. D—— himself?—Sir, I am very glad to see you—your lady, I presume!—Madam your most obedient——

This gentleman's story is somewhat remarkable—but I have no time to tell stories—let it suffice, that he had merit enough to deserve distinction long before

fore he found any; but, unhappily, it was of that bashful kind which is ever the secret enemy of those who possess it, and sometimes ends in their ruin.—A fine bold-faced fellow with the *twentieth-part-the-tythe* of his pretensions, would have made a fortune, while the other was making out the means to live.

But modest merit will sooner, or later emerge from its obscurity;—or, if it fails, like virtue, it proves its own reward.

, Happily at last he found a patron who thought his modesty no blemish—nay, he even cherished him the more upon that account, and gave him the full fruition of his reasonable wishes.—I say he found a patron, or a patron found him—and such a one, as virtuous times will wonder at, though corrupt seasons may traduce——one, whose genuine worth and true nobility will be the admiration

miration of after-ages, when slander is struck dumb and envy is no more !

The Flemings, as you know, sir, don't understand toasting, otherwise I would propose your *Mecenas*—but if you please, your lady and you and I will drink his health.

C H A P. XV.

A hasty Ramble over part of BRUGES ; with a Word or two upon long Cloaks and Riding Hoods, and the Academy of Painting.

THE pensioner took leave of our party over-night, being to return early in the morning to *Ostende* ; and it was a particular concern to me to lose so agreeable, so intelligent a companion—but the chevalier D'H—— accompanied us to *Ghent*.

But

But come, my trusty friend and fellow-traveller, let us be stirring—let us beat the rounds and scour the streets as fast as possible—consider, our time is short—nine o'clock will be here presently—and the barge won't wait a minute——

As I live ! the people are all abroad, as if at noon-tide—some flocking to church, others driving to market, others posting to business—they keep good hours, I'm told, and go to bed sober—they rise early, go to mass first, and then to work—their priests tell them, that having first paid their adorations to Heaven, they may then confidently pursue their vocations, and that their work will prosper—what pity 'tis their priests should mislead them !

Most of the religious orders, I observe, walk about singly—but Capucins, in pairs——

The

The ladies long cloaks and riding-hoods, such as were in fashion in *England* in the days of my grandmother, I am absolutely in love with—I always regarded them as the most horrible disguises that ever were invented—now I see 'tis far otherwise—but beauty, clad with modesty, what can disguise?

They answer several essential purposes to managing ladies, so that the wearers may be as well, or as carelessly dressed under them, as they please; are very decent for morning prayer, morning exercises and morning visits; nor are they unbecoming, and suit with the notion of an undress far better than frippery modes and gauzes, and senseless chip hats.

How you stare at that crucifix!—Did you never see one before?

‘ Several

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‘ Several—but the people take their hats off, as they pass by’—

Well, let them, if they chuse it—and you may keep yours on—

‘ Tis very strange!’—

There’s nothing strange—men wonder from their ignorance!

This is the cathedral — a venerable pile!—shall we enter?

‘ A vast many pillars to support so large a roof!’—

I’m glad you have found that out.—

‘ Pictures, without number!’—

That’s enough—no matter what they are,—But now you talk of pictures,
pray

pray let us hasten to the academy of painting.—

Mr. *Cocq*, the Superintendant, who is himself a painter, received us very courteously, and shewed us what little matter was to be seen; which was much less than I expected — for it consisted merely of the painting-rooms, and of the manner of *making pictures*, and carrying on the manufactory.

The pieces then in hand were four large views of sea-ports in *France*, copying from prints after the celebrated *Vernet*, and enlarged to the dimensions of about five feet by seven and a half.—I found they were bespoke-work for some nobleman's saloon; that the price was to be three-score guineas a-piece, which was very moderate, considering the size and the great number of figures—they looked pleasing—and when finished, would answer as well as any other hangings.

hangings.—But that an academy of painting should in effect be reduced to an oil'd-cloth manufactory, I must own gave me some concern!

Mr. *Cocq*, who is a portrait-painter, shewed us several of his heads, which he executes very neatly at one guinea a-piece—the sizes about twelve inches by ten.

I am persuaded that if some of our young artists would undertake in that size, at double, or treble the price demanded by Mr. *Cocq*, they would succeed—and for these plain reasons—because they would come cheap, and not take up much room—people might then preserve the likenesses of their family and friends, without any incumbrance; whereas the great staring half and whole length portraits as big as life, require too much space, and I am under the necessity of removing those of
my

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my progenitors to brokers shops, in order to make room for my own, and my wife's, and our precious pledges.

All are not *Van Dycks*, nor *Reynolds's*—and the portrait-painter must be excellent who long survives his employers—his fame may be accidental; and for a while he may live in a favourite head, or a singular character—without some such fortuitous circumstance, his name will be shortly obliterated, and his best works be hurried down the rapid stream of time in common with other lumber.

But the hour of departure is come—Sir, we are much obliged to you for this favour.

C H A P.

CHAP. XVI.

Of the Passage by Water from Bruges to Ghent.

I Shall make it a rule in the course of these observations (and I hope I may be indulged) not to repeat the same circumstances again and again—it cannot answer any purpose save that of unnecessarily swelling the work at an immense fatigue and drudgery to myself.—If some readers are so fond of books, as that they cannot even take a comfortable nap without one in their hands ; I here declare that it is my intention to disappoint such lovers as much as possible—nor will I court the concurrence of any, but those who are able to keep their eyes open, and have all their senses about them, in their full vigour.—Not that I mean entirely to exclude

exclude winking and nodding — far from it—I own myself too much interested in both the one and the other—but then let them be the winks of reflection, and the nods of approbation.

Having already spoken pretty fully of the conveniency, decency, and even elegance of the water-conveyances upon the canals in *Flanders*, I have only to add upon that head, that the *Bruges*-barge to *Ghent* is considerably larger than the one of yesterday, and that the company was far more numerous—but as the entertainment you meet with, is somewhat singular, it may not be amiss to describe it—always with a regard to such of my readers only as were not acquainted with it before.

Instead of laying the passengers under the disagreeable necessity of sending in provisions for the day's journey, the
master

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master of the vessel, or skipper, takes that concern entirely upon himself; and about one o'clock the company are summoned to partake of a very genteel dinner, consisting always of two courses and a plentiful desert, with variety of wines—the whole, I may venture to say, considering the size of the place, is as neatly conducted as at any tavern in *London*.

The ordinary is divided into three classes, each distinguished according to the quality and circumstances of the passengers—the first table being for such as pay the first price; the second for those who pay half price, and the third for gratis-passengers and servants.—But that which appeared the most extraordinary to me was, that the several tables should be supplied from a slip of a kitchen about eight feet long, and scarcely four feet wide, and that fourscore or an hundred people should
be

be served with a variety of hot dishes without the least seeming hurry, or confusion—in short, so quietly that though you may guess at what is going forward, you hardly know any thing of the matter till they are set before you.

The whole expence of the passage, including the agreeable repast before-mentioned, does not exceed six schillings a head, about three shillings and six-pence sterling.

They make it a day's journey, from nine in the morning till about six in the evening, and count the distance but eight leagues; though in my opinion, considering that we meet with but few stops, and are in constant motion, as well when at dinner, as at any other time, and that the horses are jogging on at an easy trot for almost nine hours,
it

it cannot be computed at less than three or four-and-thirty english miles.

For my part, had it been as many leagues, I should not have been tired of the agreeable company I found there; particularly of the unaffected politeness, and edifying conversation of my countryman father M.—* prior of the English Carthusians at *Nieuport*, a gentleman who appears to be blest with many of those rare talents which endear their possessors to society; insomuch that lapsed humanity may well regret that the plain paths of virtue are so often thought to be diametrically opposite to the purposes of grace.—His relations and more intimate friends must certainly have lamented the early surfeit which he took of life; and measuring life's prosperity by the false scale of human prudence, foresaw more glory to their

* Formerly a commander in the *Spanish* cavalry.

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hopes and their inheritance in heading an army, than in presiding over an handful of mute solitaries----we may therefore conclude that several of them regarded him as one born to disappoint their most sanguine expectation from the moment he exchanged the camp for the cloyster.

Doubtless his calling was sure—nor could it be mistaken for a strong conceit of the will—or the after-weakness which often succeeds disgust and the rage of disappointment—for some of us, I fear, are too apt to place indiscriminately religious election to the score of the divine call.—His, I am persuaded, was quite otherwise—if he says so.

Well, be that as it may—I here give it you under my hand, that as often as I find men called to a Christian temper—to love mercy, and walk humbly, that I shall not dispute the fitness of their call:

call:—And if they chuse to walk in some particular habits (wherever such distinctions are warranted) I shall be apt to say that, from custom, one habit is as eligible as another—if they prefer solitude to the world; it may be that they have some private views of their own---as to their abstinencies and other mortifications; I must own I cannot see any great pleasure in them---But, it seems, some of them won't talk; I therefore conclude they find more comfort in contemplation, than in speech---how they cross their arms, some will say, and what odd gestures they use!---so much the better---I admire attitudes of all things---especially when they are graceful.

The small remnant of the once flourishing Carthusian abbey of *Shene*—(I think they are of the foundation of *Shene-abbey*, but I can't be positive) are now settled at *Nieuport*, where

they have resided ever since the general wreck of monasteries in Engiand, in the memorable days of our eighth *Harry*.

This is the only English house of that order now remaining; and travellers of all nations who pass that way, but more especially the English, expatiate much upon the sanctity of their lives, and their unbounded hospitality, under the direction of their present worthy prior—their number is reduced to six—so that in case of any unforeseen mortality among them, that order must be shortly extinct respecting our countrymen—they will not easily find novices to enlist under their severe banner—the rigid impositions of perpetual silence (except to the prior for the time being) their fastings and watchings, their total abstinence from flesh, and the comfortable refreshment of linen, ill suit with the accepted

accepted rules of life.---- Notwithstanding those discouragements, it is not many years since an English gentleman of fortune, and of a protestant family went over to them; maugre his education in one of our celebrated universities.

What shall we say to these extremes? --- nothing --- but that man will be always found a contradiction to himself --- still groping, darkling, in the midst of an imaginary blaze--- still studying more and more to bewilder the maze of his existence--- the sage of folly---the fool of his own wisdom!

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

*Which as it relates chiefly to the Author,
cannot be very interesting to the Reader.*

‘**A** Book of travels quotha!—I believe nobody ever saw such a book of travels!—a book of wanderings rather—interspersed with whimsical digressions and unseasonable reflections.’

That it seems is your opinion—but happy it is for us writers that mankind are a little divided upon the subject of authors; so that the worst of us and the most trifling, Heaven be praised! are not without our admirers—Tom THUMB, I dare affirm, has as many as Tom JONES.

How can you and I pretend to establish that, about which the legislative
body

body the critics are at perpetual variance?—and are every session making new ordinances, and abrogating old—reviving the dead letter with fresh vigour, explaining, amending, &c.

Shall we presume to proportion the quantity of salt, and the measure of judgment necessary to preserve a whorson living author from being fly-blown, for the space of five, or seven years?—We might as well fancy that we could recover the *Egyptian* art of conserving dead bodies for as many thousand.

The literary constitution indeed, as well as the body politic, stands in need of much explanation, much amendment.—In the mean time the laws of both are remarkably favourable to designing men, and undefining authors; so that the learned advocate has nothing to do but to hunt cases and cite

precedents--there are loop-holes enough to be found for either.

But, for goodness sake ! what is your quarrel with *reflections*, and why are they *unseasonable* ?

‘ Because they interrupt the main design, and are most commonly foreign to the matter.—Don’t mistake me, I have no objection to them in their proper places—when people are at church, or so—But what have they to do here? —If a man has a mind to indulge serious reflections, let him write a book on purpose—’

Yes, as you say—and then he will be pretty sure that nobody will read them—I tell you mine are just in the right place—for here many may stumble upon them, who never dreamt of any such thing; and I shall acquire applause for my address, over and above
what

what I am entitled to from my main subject.

'I wish you may find it so—but the great misfortune which generally attends those who are so fond of hearing themselves prate, is, that few or none are disposed to listen to them—the vanity is too glaring—the deluge too powerful—all that a man has ever thought of during his whole life, to be poured down upon you at once!—'tis too much—for my part, I would not give a penny for a book stuffed with the writer's private sentiments and reflections.'

And I would not give a halfpenny for a book without them—there's the difference.—They are certain marks to me of becoming attention in an author; and the only proof I have that he was not thinking of something else.

From that single omission we may account for the vast vacuity which overspreads so many volumes of words without meaning—systems, without science—histories, without reading—sermons, neither rationally-speculative, nor speculatively-practical—poems and plays, without wit, or moral—voyages, without chart, or compass—travels, which might as well have been compiled from gazetteers, and lists of the post-roads—

‘ ’Tis really a pity to break in upon so fine a declamation!—and yet, as your monitor, I might hazard your displeasure, should I neglect to remind you, that you have a great way to go—that you have already bargained with the reader that the whole shall be comprized in two small duodecimos—that you are already past the middle of your first volume, at the end of your sixth day, and happily arrived at *Ghent*. ’

I thank you for this seasonable admonition.—True, I have bargained, as you say, only for two volumes—which was intirely owing to an accident; that of writing my preface first—a singularity as unheard of, perhaps, as any that is to be met with in my book.

Dedications and prefaces, I take it are the most puzzling parts of modern letters—the first, calculated to flatter and bedaub the patron, whom it may be the author knows nothing of; the second, to cajole and curry favour with the reader, whom he can never be sure of—I was pre-determined to suffer no disquietude upon either score—no false hopes touching his lordship's acceptance; nor any rancour, should his bounty fall short of my expectation; and therefore omitted the former altogether.—It may serve, thought I, for a monument of private friendship, should it meet with the public favour,

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as well seven years hence, as now ; and
then I shall be pretty sure of my man.

Yes—some seven years hence, after
having tried whether the materials are
durable, and like to brave the weather ;
we may venture to inscribe,

LET THIS REMAIN
A LASTING MONUMENT
TO PERPETUATE
THE DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP
OF THE INGENIOUS
THE CANDID
THE BENEVOLENT
H. F.

AND OF THE AUTHOR
S. P.

As for the latter, since it is well
known that he who comes under the
censure of the literary tribunal, must
abide the pains and penalties that may
follow, in spite of every plea of allevi-
ation, the shorter my defence, the better.

But

But I had another reason for not requiring more space, which was founded in downright compassion to the readers—considering, and re-considering what a deal of stuff they have constantly upon their hands, which from one sollicitation or other, they are obliged to wade through—'tis the boon of every beggarly writer,—‘ Pray read me!—do but read me! then judge for yourself—laugh at me 'till your sides ache, and welcome!—blame me, abuse me! damn me! —— only read me! ’

I am sensible that tenderness for others may sometimes be carried too far; even to our own prejudice; and I could wish now, that I had said three small volumes, instead of two—though I don't despair yet of bringing it within my plan.

‘ Your

‘ Your plan!—’tis impossible that you can be serious—do you call this a plan?’

I do—and such a one as I will be bound to give you more, than my bookseller will offer me for the copy, if you can produce me such another.

But I see your mistake—you don’t attend to the context—you are not at the pains of comparing the author with himself—you forget, as fast as you read (a common case)—one chapter drives out another—I suppose you don’t remember that I set out with *begging leave to proceed in my own way?*—that’s my plan.

‘ O, your most humble servant!’

C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

Which may be reckoned much too long: considering what an unsatisfactory Account it gives of the Capital of Flanders.

WELL, really this appears to be a magnificent city; and the *Saint Sebastian* upon the parade, or *place des armes*, is one of the genteelest inns I ever saw—it has great elegance both within and without, and the situation is unexceptionably the finest in *Ghent*.

I have not yet learnt how *Saint Sebastian* came to be the patron of archers—I know of no reason for such preference, unless from the manner of his death, having been fastened to a tree, and shot with arrows.

There

There are several fraternities of archers in *Flanders*, but the grand lodge, which boasts the chief nobility of the country for its members, is held at this inn.

The martyrdom of *Saint Sebastian* has been always a favourite subject of the pencil—many have chosen it, and what is still more extraordinary, many have succeeded—it is to me one of the most affecting single figures in historical painting—as the whole depends upon the graceful idea, none but a master can ever reach it.

There are so many fine things and matters of curiosity to be met with here, that I despair of seeing the twentieth part of them—I find myself cramped by too much fashion and ceremony—a plague on all foolish fashions! say I—I'm told by the ladies, and the chevalier is entirely on their side, that if I
walk

walk out, 'twill be unmannerly to leave them at home; and for ladies to walk, it seems, is not the fashion.—Then if we are to be shut up in a *Remise*, I should be glad to know what we can see in being hurried through the streets, except the particular places we are driven to?—if this is travelling, I had just as soon stay at home—I shall have no opportunity of making my remarks as I go along——

And yet, if I mistake not, after this manner most of my countrymen travel—they set out with prejudices against the natives they are going to visit—they know their characters before-hand—a Frenchman, is a puppy; an Italian, a cheat; a German, a pedant; and a Dutchman, a brute—for this reason they chuse to keep their own company; to be waited upon by their own servants; to journey in their own car-

carriages, and to return home almost as wise as they set out.

Do they so?—Why then in God's name let them associate among themselves!--but suffer me, without breach of good manners, to mix with the inhabitants—to eat with them, to drink with them, to travel with them—to converse with them as freely as I may be permitted without offence, and even to go to church with them, let their religion be what it will.—'Tis men and manners that I am chiefly in search of—I was sensible before I came here, that there were houses and trees and rivers in most countries.

I would fain explore that gloomy vault, or natural cavern!--but it may be too melancholy for the ladies---besides the descent is disagreeable, and even dangerous,---I should choose to climb yonder summit!--but, madam,
let

let me intreat the favour of you to stay below—the ascent will fatigue you.— In short, madam, if you chuse to be the dupe of fashion and ceremony, you must not blame me—if you will baulk your inclination (for I see you are not without some) suffer me to indulge mine---if you chuse to stay at home, I can have no objection; only permit me to go abroad.

‘ It is a request, sir, that cannot be granted---’twould be preposterous in you to attempt it---the gentlemen in this country never quit the charge of the ladies, to ramble by themselves---curiosity must always give way to propriety.’

Must it so? madam---then I submit for this time---but if ever you catch me abroad again in company, where I am not at liberty to do as I like, I’ll give you leave to bind me over, or tye
me

me down in whatever manner you please---I would be the associate, the visitant, the guest, but not the slave of my company.---If you have any banquet in view, to which generous **FREE-****DOM** and open-hearted **HOSPITALITY** are not to be invited, you may save yourself the trouble of sending me a card---I chuse to dine upon my own cold mutton at home.

Mistake me not, I would not prefer any thing to the seasonable converse of the ladies—they alone are the sweeteners of life, and by contemplating their perfections only, we arrive at the sublime and beautiful.—But while there are other pursuits, other gratifications independent of them, and in which they cannot so easily participate; at least suffer us to untie this knot of ceremony—or do it yourselves, and accompany us as far as you may conveniently.

If

If this cannot be granted—I should be glad to know, madam, what we are like to see in this fine city?—for as you have been here often, you must be best acquainted with what is most worth a stranger's notice.

‘It is too late this evening, sir, to see any thing—but in the morning, we shall have the entertainment of the parade almost under our windows:—the mounting and relieving the guard is a fine sight, and what people are very fond of here.—You will observe a parcel of as fine, clean, well-dressed fellows as ever you saw in your life, and from the strict and constant discipline that is maintained, that they know and practise their duty to a hair—you will see a company of officers, worthy to command such men; intent upon their charge equally with the private soldiers—you will not remark in any of their countenances the least signs of the
over-

over-night's debauch—any anxiety to have the business slubbered over as fast as possible, on account of more pressing engagements, nor any absence of mind from their duty.—The music is a perfect martial concert, with all the accompaniments of grace and execution—they are not irregularly fast and slow; dropping it here, and taking it up again there; but jointly labouring to preserve united harmony.—From the commander in chief, to the youngest recruit; and from the hautboy to the fife, you will not meet with an individual but what is struck with a sense of his character, and seemingly came there with no other intention but to exert his talent.—You have seen something like this, I make no doubt, upon the parade in *St. James's Park*.

‘ This royal entertainment over (for kings cannot behold a more glorious sight, than armies of regular troops

troops, which they are born to command and to cherish) we shall drive to the *abbey of St. Peter*, one of the richest in the *Netherlands*—the abbot is a mitred prince, and by few exceeded in priestly pomp and dignity—his palace is to himself, distinct from the cloyster; and his domestics are his own, not the servants of the society.—The church is a magnificent modern structure, exceeding rich in its altars, is decorated with fine pictures and admirable sculptures, and boasts some of the most exquisite tapestry in the country, which is preserved in cases, and only opened to strangers.—The refectory is a noble saloon; and the library cannot but strike the most tasteless beholder, even tho' he had never troubled his head with the inside of a book.

‘ We shall then return to our inn to dinner; and in the afternoon we must

must pay a short visit of ceremony to a fine lady of this city; and afterwards wait upon the English Benedictine nuns---the prioress is my acquaintance---a very sensible woman, and one whose company you will be fond of---and so will end the day.---Don't you think 'twill be a mighty pretty way of employing it?'

Very much so, madam, said I---tho' I think 'tis pity we could not make a little more of it---consider our time is so short---we shall have but another day before we set out for *Brussels*.

' Well, and in that we shall drive thro' the *Place Vendredi*, and others of the principal streets; step into a church, or two; see the *Stadthouse*, and the old court where the emperor CHARLES V. was born---and then the business is all over.

Is

Is that all, madam, that is to be seen in a city so famous in story—the circumference of which is said to be fifteen miles?

‘That’s all, take my word for’t—travellers in general don’t concern themselves about any thing else.’

Every thing that my fair guide had predicted for the first day, turned out accordingly—The parade was perfectly genteel and orderly; the abbey, magnificent; the ceremonious visit to the fine lady, as insipid as could be imagined; and that to the English Benedictine nuns, as pleasing, as mortifying as could be wished—I shall only beg leave to edge in a few observations upon the two religious houses before-mentioned, and then proceed to the second day.

But shall I venture to call the first a house?—why ’tis a palace for a sove-

reign prince!—and I question much if any potentate in Europe dines every day in so sumptuous a saloon, as do the Benedictine monks of the abbey of *Saint Peter*.—The arts have been in rivalry to perfect this elegant hall—it has all the proportions of architecture, the beauty of painting, and the grandeur of carving and gilding to set it off.

That upper place, said I, to our attendant, I suppose is for the abbot?—
 ‘No, answered he, that is the prior’s chair.’—But I imagine, continued I, that the abbot don’t dine here every day, but only occasionally; and when he does, I should think that there was a canopy set up on purpose:—‘He dine here every day! returned the lay-brother—he never dines here at all—why he has not set his foot in the refectory above once these three years.’

Good

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Good God ! thought I, can there be such difference in the same chain of beings?—in the same order of men?—can an abbot forget that he was once a private monk?—Yes, he may—as easily as a bishop may forget that he was once a curate.

The sacristy adjoining, which many of my readers know is the apartment where the priests, and sometimes the abbot robe and unrobe themselves before and after the sacrifices, is very noble and spacious ; and the vestments and other paraphernalia are exceeding rich—if nothing else would give us exalted ideas of Heaven, this one consideration surely were enough—namely, the majesty of some of God's priests upon earth !

The library is as fine a room for the purpose as can be met with, and I am sorry that I did not take the proportions of it—the book-cases are of a singular

escutcheon form, which have an air of grandeur, and the authors are very numerous, and for the most part in elegant bindings—but there is a little narrowness in the choice, and they are rather too much of one side.—There are several books of the early printers ; and, among others, the first and second editions of the bible.

Some of the abbeys in the *Netherlands* are become so rich, that one would be apt to think they dreaded mischief from their opulence—so that they are generally employed in pulling down and building up ; in enlarging, beautifying &c. as the only means of getting rid of some of their superfluous riches—As several of them literally wallow in wealth, methinks 'tis a pity that, as often as they find it inconvenient to them, they cannot obtain dispensations to bestow it upon some of the poor priories in their respective neighbourhoods, who, Heaven

ven knows ! would rejoice exceedingly in their superfluities.

Come we next to the English Benedictine ladies—

As I have already thrown out a few reflections upon the horrible impiety of dispeopling Heaven, by entombing fair damsels alive ; under the notion of increasing the kingdom of Saints, I shall say the less of it here—And as most cities in the *Austrian Netherlands* are constitutionally the same, and afford the same objects of contemplation ; I hope the candid reader will not lay me under the tiresome necessity of saying the same thing over and over again.—Now as a *Beguine* is the same at *Brussels* as at *Ghent*, and as I purpose to speak of them there, I shall therefore omit them here—as a *Capuchin* is the same all the world over, so it matters not whether I chuse mine at *Louvain*, or *Mechlin*, or

both—and since I mean to give a picture of a *Recollect*, I may as well wait till I have met with one to my mind, which happened not before the very day I left *Antwerp*.—Of these and many more religious orders and societies, there are in every part of *Flanders* and *Brabant*, each of whose cities may serve as an epitome of popish *Christendom*.

My intention is to diversify this short travel as much as possible—to make it narrative, descriptive and sometimes allegorical—always with a little meaning and seldom without a moral.—If I cannot produce new thoughts for your entertainment, I shall endeavour at least at a few new casts of old ones ; and the very moment I discover that I have nothing to say, I shall lay down my pen.—I have no opinion of forcing, under the notion of assisting nature, and, from my soul ! I abominate Dr. *Slop*'s forceps.

The

The curtain is drawn back, and behold the prioress and her nuns!—She appears like the goddess, or the priestess of this temple; and they as her attendant nymphs, or vestals!

To you, madam, it can be no ways irksome—by a long course of self-denial you must be thoroughly weaned from the world; and here I make no doubt but that you enjoy perfect peace, heightened by the fullest assurance, the liveliest hope of a blissful hereafter.

At your time of life, madam, I have no objection to the ladies secluding themselves, if they think proper—after having tasted life's fancied sweets and real sorrows, and experienced some of her numberless cares and calamities, they may well be thankful that they are over, and whatever may have been their lot, that they can find peace at the last—and surely more real consolation may

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be found here, than in chess-boards and back-gammon tables; in dice and cards; in washes and strong-waters; after the loss of husbands, who were their partners, or their plagues; of children, who might have been their comforts, or their curses—after the unkindness of some relations, and the ingratitude of others, whom can we love?—from the forgetfulness of some friends, and the bitterness even of those whom we had laboured most to serve, whom shall we trust? —GRIEF and DISAPPOINTMENT are sore searchers, and will often bring us to reflection—‘ ’Tis time,’ some of those ladies will say, ‘ to look a little about us—the HOURS, ever young, tho’ we wax old, foot it away with greater dispatch than ever—at least they appear to do so to us, now that our dancing-days are over—the sands run on in a greater stream, and, if possible, with a more determined motion—or else our eyes deceive us—but there can be no deception

deception in the surfeiting—famefulness which we have endured—we are palled with cloying sweets, and sated with high seasonings—our appetites are spoilt, and we have no longer any relish for life—let us fly then incontinently this motley train of human mischief—let us retire into God and ourselves—let us make up our accounts with Heaven—let us *seek peace and ensue it.*

With all my heart, ladies, if it is your pleasure—I see no reason why you may not retire, and carry some of your unprovided necessities along with you; for certainly, as you well observe, prayer-books are full as becoming the palfied hands of dowagers, as packs of cards and dice-boxes——if their ladyships think so.

But for you, lady prioress, you can only have anticipated the evils without doors, not having experienced any of

them——you must have credulously hearkened, fondly believed, and rashly resolved——*you must have wept 'ere you were stricken.*—And for these sexual angels!—what had they done, or suffered?——but I have already spoken of them in a former chapter.

Don't imagine, reader, that a single syllable of this was said to the prioress—No, I am perswaded that you are aware of the impropriety of such conversation in a cloyster——to endeavour to put people out of conceit with their condition without any intention, or the means of bettering them, is the height of cruelty——but where it is impracticable to alter it, 'tis cruelty and folly united—and indeed for the most part they are inseparable.

Our conversation was of a different cast—an agreeable mixture—we touched sometimes upon the world; but more upon
on

the sweets of virtuous retirement—The *Arachnean* arts of the fair sisterhood, and their beautiful imitations of *Flora's* choicest gifts, engaged our attention; and made us at a loss to determine whether they were the daughters of *INGENUITY*, or the sisters of the *SEASONS*.

Is it not strange that those who profess to have abandoned the vain world, should jointly labour to keep up the world's vanity?

Among such a number of my fair countrywomen, the meeting with names which were familiar to us was unavoidable; and this sometimes led us a little into inquiries concerning families.—Finding that the prioress's name was *PHILIPS*; pray, madam, said I, is Doctor *Philips* any relation of yours?—My brother, sir, replied she.—You have no doubt, madam, seen his life of Cardinal

Pole? which has occasioned a good deal of speculation with us, though many are of opinion that it will not much advantage the cause for which it is written.—I have, sir, said the lady.

What pity it is that learning and candour should ever be divided!—What matters it whether truths come from the *East* or from the *West*?—Indeed the name of *Oxford* at the bottom of a title-page, has with the vulgar the air of an *Imprimatur*; but how absurd to suppose that that reverend and learned body can give sanction to principles which they utterly disavow—so that except to a few inconsiderate strangers it cannot answer any good purpose even to its own ends, but unhappily must always remain an indelible mark of the Doctor's disingenuity.

I am quite of your mind, courteous reader, and I wish from my soul that there may be always found a great number of your sentimental disposition, willing to communicate, but cautious to offend—who consider the characters to whom and of whom they are speaking—who would not awaken a son's remembrance with the bitter reproaches that may be due to his fire—nor wound a pious sister's ear, with the mistaken zeal of her brother—zeal, no question, sometimes overshoots itself, and then it is justly condemnable—but relations may not be judges.—If then we are at a loss for a subject, let us decently retire, after returning the ladies thanks for their polite entertainment.

The second day was a hurrying day, indeed—Heaven defend me from such senseless hurry!—If you please, madam, I'll dine at *St. Bavo's* to-day, and then

- then I shall have a little leisure to look over the pictures.—‘No indeed, sir; you must return with us to the *St. Sebastian*—our dinner is bespoke.’—
I’m sorry for it, madam.—‘Besides, the chevalier is engaged with the officers, and if your friend and you were to leave us, we should be quite alone, which would be insupportable.’

Very well, madam.—This *place Vendredi*, or Friday’s market is a fine opening, a spacious square upon my word.—What can I say more of it? for the fellow drives as if the devil was in him.

In the afternoon, from an earnest desire of meeting once more with the agreeable prior *M—*, we went to the Carthusian convent—here it was proper to leave the ladies without the gate; but my companion and I, having received for answer that the prior was set off

off for *Brussels*, were not in such haste to make our report, but to the shame of good-manners, joined the holy brotherhood in their vespers, leaving their ladyships to cool themselves in their carriage—this was an offence hardly to be forgiven—and as the first proof of their displeasure, being quite tired out with attending, they had drove back to the inn, meaning to punish us with a walk—which happened to be the very thing that we wanted most.

The old castle, or court is a reverend pile, consisting of many apartments which are converted to private lodgings and public offices, and a number of strange stories are told of their former uses, which naturally tickle the ears of curiosity.

The stadthouse is the largest building of the kind that I have heard of, that at Amsterdam only excepted—there is
an

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an appearance of magnificence in it which even surpasses the latter, though the stile is Gothic considering the time of building it, which if I remember rightly was by the arch-duke Albert. The apartments are very spacious, but there is a want of neatness, which is seldom the case in Flanders—there are some good pictures here as well as in the castle; but the best description I could give of them would fall short of their merit.—The courts of justice are very awful, their proceedings as I am informed very solemn, and their judgments very upright.

A plague take these fellows! they are always for showing and demonstrating to you such things as you don't want to see.

“These, ladies and gentlemen, said our guide, are so many engines of torture; devised by grave and learned sages

fages as the best and only means to extort confessions from the guilty, or innocently accused—they were the inventions, sir, continued he (addressing himself to me) of men in some respects like you and I; who were capable themselves of feeling the inconveniencies arising from natural heat and cold—who shivered at the north blast, and fainted under the dog-star's rage—who *could not endure the tooth-ach patiently*—and yet, with meer carnal eyes and ears, could watch the excruciating writhes, and listen attentively to the horrible groans of others!—There is a prodigious variety of them as you see, applicable to different parts and purposes.'

Turn thine eyes from them, HUMANITY!—nor desire to know their cruel applications and effects!

C H A P. XIX.

That some Folks are hasty to condemn, in proportion as they are slow to consider; and that the want of Conformity may be reckoned among their great wants.

WHat trifles put us out of temper, and make us wish ourselves at home again when we are in a manner but just entered upon a journey!

The traveller of every nation constantly finds matter of exclamation in a foreign country, and which with justice he may oppose against some particular blessing, or culture, or import, or custom in his own.

‘What plenty of excellent provisions this province abounds with!—but, curse their cooks!’ says the *Englishman*.

I am astonished how well their markets are supplied with fish, when I consider the numbers that are daily fed from the waters—that it is even incorporated

porated with their religion; and that fish of all sorts are notwithstanding cheap in comparison with what they are in *London*, where for the most part they are considered only as luxury!—but, ‘d—mn their *soup-maigre*!’ says the *Englishman* again.

N. B. *He is not obliged to eat any, unless he chuses it*

‘How have these scoundrels,’ meaning the publicans—(says my countryman once more) ‘the impudence to write over their doors, *good Bruges-bier*, —*Ghent-bier*—*Lovens-bier*—and other beers—when, d—mn their bl—ds! it is well known there is not a drop of beer in all the country?’

The warmth of this gentleman’s temper has transported him a little too far—since it is better known that the chief cities in *Flanders* and *Brabant* are famous for their beers—that the common people drink nothing else—and that the *Peterman’s-bier* of *Louvain* is as celebrated

brated over all that country as alderman *Calvert's* and *Sir Benjamin Truman's* are over all the world.—But it seems the gentleman did not like it, and therefore was at liberty to leave it, and even to rail at it—but not to annihilate it.

The *Frenchman* in England acknowledges with abundance of significant nods and shrugs, that our country is not entirely destitute—and with the utmost ingenuity pronounces that, ‘*Vraiment il y a des bonnes choses en Angleterre — mais le Vin de France ! — par d — !*’—he says no more—but leaves it to the imagination to work out, that the want of French wine, is such a want—as amounts to all the necessities of life put together.

An *Englishman's* delicacy is shocked the moment he arrives at a *Flemish* inn, at being shewn into a room with one, two, three, perhaps, four beds in it—he rings the bell hastily—summons the
master

master to answer for the impertinence of his servant—and desires to be shewn into a parlour, or, at least, into a room without a bed—*Myn Heer* assures *Milord* that there is not such a room in his house—unless he chuses to walk into the kitchen!—where is he to sleep?—‘where he is!’—where is he to sup?—‘in the same place—unless he chuses to sup at the . dinary.’—Are there any beds in that room too?—most probably there are.—He d—mns their nasty souls in plain English, and wishes them all at the devil, and himself safe at home again!

This cannot fail to discompose the settled gravity of the *Flemish* host—but he knows his place too well to return abuse for abuse—he contents himself with contemplating the majesty of the figure before him (who, for his fau-
 cy airs, would fain pass for somebody) and thanks Heaven that he was not born an *Englishman*, if all are of the
 same

same turbulent disposition, and alike strangers to conformity with his guest. — ‘Wou’d it were morning ! cries the peaceable host, and that the post-chaise was at the door, that I might with a profound reverence wish *Milord* a *bon voyage*, in return for his wishing me and all my countrymen at the devil !’

Upon a transient view of the height of the bedstead, *Milord* suspects some trap—for a short man must clamber up, and a lame man be lifted in—’tis impossible to rest in safety—a person may roll out in his sleep, and ten to one but he breaks his neck in the fall !—he has not as yet discovered that the wisdom of the state has provided against such accidents by ordaining side-boards, as well as head and foot-boards to their bedsteads.

But what are all these wants and inconveniencies compared with the mortification which I suffered among the barbarians ?—trifles ! meer trifles !

For

For their food—I must own I relished it well enough—if the cookery was different to that to which I had been accustomed; it went down very well for all that—and the variety was such, that if one dish did not suit, why another did.—If the beer is unpalatable to strangers—good water dashed with wine, is, in my opinion, the better beverage—and if the latter is adulterated (as no doubt it is) I should be glad to know where it is not?—If any thing disgusting appeared in eating in a bedroom, I was sure that the only way to remove it from my sense, was to banish it from my head, and not to think any more about it—and so far was I from being intimidated at the height of their bedrooms, that I declare to you upon my word, I never slept better in my life, nor did I meet with a single fall.—But the want of wants to me!—

‘For goodness sake! what could that be?—’ A

[A pinch of snuff].—The small stock which I had taken with me from *London* was soon exhausted, and the *Flamish* tobacco is the poorest, mundungus in the world!—It has neither taste, nor smell, nor spirit, nor pungency in any degree of comparison with our *Virginian* weed—and though I had recruited myself at one of the best snuff-shops in *Bruges* (which from the number of blue and white porcelain pots (and jars, looked as tempting as a court apothecary's) namely, the corner shop near the weighing engine; yet I dare be bound that I might have been better served at any grocer's in *England*.)

To every other thing in *Flanders* I was so heartily reconciled, that if the magistracy would have engaged to furnish me with snuff, made from genuine *Virginia* tobacco—o' my conscience! I believe I could have lived there till this time.

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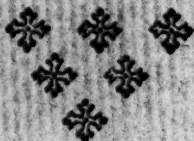
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ANOTHER TRAVELLER'S
CURSORY REMARKS
THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL
JOURNEY
CORIAT
JUNIOR.

VOL. I. PART II.

1874
JAN 10 1874
C. O. R. I. A. T.
J. M. O. R.
JAN 10 1874
J. M. O. R.

ANOTHER TRAVELLER!

OR

CURSORY REMARKS

AND

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS

MADE UPON A

JOURNEY

Through PART of the

NETHERLANDS

In the latter End of the Year 1766.

By CORIAT JUNIOR.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I. PART II.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOSEPH JOHNSON,

AND

J. PAYNE, in Pater-Noster-Row;

AND

T. CADELL, in the Strand,

MDCCLXVII.

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OR

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AND

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS

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TO THE

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In the latter End of the Year 1766.

A CORANT JUNIOR

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. PART II

L O N D O N

Printed for Joseph Johnson,

AND

J. BAYNE, in Pall-mall; and

AND

T. CARR, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVII

[193]

CORIAT JUNIOR.

PART II.

CHAP. XX.

Wherein the Traveller, with a Gentleman-like Scrupulosity, adjusts some capital Errata in Chapters 16, and 18.—After which he sets forward with the rest of his Company for Brussels.

WHOEVER supposes that this erratic work was compiled from table-books and journals; and that the several curious remarks which the traveller had collected in the course of the day, were regularly digested and fairly entered in the evening, with a future view to publication; is as great a stranger to the author, as the author is to himself.

VOL. I.

I

‘ You

' You may proceed, said my companion—nay, I know you will proceed in your own way—but for my part I can't see the necessity of satisfying scruples as you call them'—

Neceſſity ! ſaid I—

' Ay, neceſſity ! reiterated my friend—what is it to the generality, whether your arrival at *Ghent* was upon a Thursday, or a Friday?—to preſent you appear to be upon a tolerable good footing with your readers—they treat you exactly as they do other writers of your ſtamp—they give you credit for the probable, they ſuſpend the marvellous, and damn without mercy whatever croſſes their private opinions.—would you raiſe ſuſpicions in the minds of ſuch generous judges?—would you expoſe your own diffidence, to ſet others a doubting?—from the moment you betray ſcrupuloſity, take my word for it, you will become quaint.'—

Pray,

Pray indulge me—it should seem as if I had not any such previous intention—for I here declare, upon the word of a true pilgrim, that all my written *Memoranda* upon my return, were scarcely sufficient to wrap up a pennyworth of prunes.

This may prove an excellent cue to some malevolent spirits, who taking all advantages of an author's weakness, even though he should chance to err on the side of plain-dealing, may be apt to find *errata* in every chapter; and will therefore admire that I should confine them to two only—but to such ungenerous, such ungracious readers, I beg leave to reply, that those are within the critics province, not mine—'tis my business to labour the point of perfection as much as possible; as it is theirs, to strain every sinew of syntax, and every quibble of logic, to prove *aristarchically*, that each proposed end

has been happily missed ; and that a regular journal, would have made quite another sort of a book.

It was not Thursday (now that I recollect) but Friday evening when we arrived at *Ghent*—by the same token, it was a meagre day, and a meagre dinner (tho' a very good one in its kind) that we had on board the barge—and let me add, in further proof, that if it had not been a fast day, my worthy Carthusian prior must have fasted indeed—*i. e.* have had no dinner at all—whereas our fare co-inciding with the rule of his order, I well remember that the good father supped up his *Soupe a l'Oignon* ; bowed to the gentleman who helped him *aux Anguilles fricassées* ; declared he had no objection to eggs in his *fallet* ; called a second time upon the boiled cod with fried smelts—and, in short went through the whole ceremony of the table, even to the biscuits
and

and fruits, with becoming chearfulness, and I dare say with as much heart-felt gratitude to the giver as myself.

As this is the true state of the case beyond all controversy, it follows that our sojourn at *Ghent* was exactly twenty-four hours shorter than I have represented it in a former chapter—the good-natured reader is therefore requested to suppose, that the several particulars, which by inattention have been spun out to two days, were really the action but of one.

If any merit can redound to an author upon the score of ingenuity, surely, from henceforward, I have a right to lay in my claim! — this is voluntary confession with a witness! — and, let me add, if authors may be allowed to speak well of themselves (and who so proper to trumpet their own praise? — who so compassionately feel-

ing for their own defects !) such an earnest of my zeal for the truth, must have its weight with the confiderate, and with such, no doubt, will plead my excuse for mistakes of greater moment.

We hired a coach from *Ghent* to *Brussels* (the distance about thirty miles) for forty-eight *Schillings*—cheap enough in conscience, when we come to consider the drawbacks to which the owner is liable; the whole expence of the turnpikes, with other deductions falling upon the coach-master.

Every public carriage in this well-regulated country, contributes something to the benefit of the state—the skippers and stablers have each their licence, which entitle them to protection as long as they behave well—the passenger in case of damage sustained, or insult received, has his remedy upon the spot,

spot, without being compelled to wrangle or fight it out.—One man is licensed to keep a boat, another to furnish two or three carriages; but neither of them must exceed his limitation—the consequence of such regulation is, that every man is permitted to live decently by his employment; but he must not think of playing tricks, or raising prices upon the public; nor shall one overgrown undertaker, or a knot of them have it in their power to starve, or ruin the rest of their brethren.

We came shortly into one of the finest roads, or avenues that I ever beheld, cut in a strait line for several miles; broad enough for three or four carriages to run abreast, with horse and foot tracks—either side planted with lofty elms, forming as it were a spacious bower.

Casting my eyes on our right hand—
yonder stone temple, of an equilateral
triangular figure, with its sides open,
madam, said I, is the most stately edi-
fice in its kind that I have ever seen—
from its simplicity I should judge that
it was of *Egyptian*, or *Grecian* origin—
there are no superfluous gothic orna-
ments—and for stability, it seems to be
capable of lasting a thousand gene-
rations.—Nevertheless we cannot but
deplore the rites of those temples—no-
thing less than human sacrifices will
serve their turn! — their devotees, are
their victims!

Dreadful indeed are the effects of
ENTHUSIASM!—I can't see why daring
GUILT may not be reckoned of her
train, as well as maddening FOLLY—
both are alike strangers to TRUTH,
and senselessly reject the bit of REASON
—differing only in their madness, as
frantic

frantic RAGE and hopeless MELANCHOLY differ.

In those sacrifices, as I am informed, the arch-priest leads the unhappy victim to the uppermost point of the temple—where, after the mystical tying of a zone, and some few pious ejaculations pronounced, with a *Hey for Eternity!* he leaves him pendent betwixt Heaven and earth—cut off in an instant from the elementary parts of existence, save the subtle air that surrounds him, which never more he may inspire!—’tis no small comfort to them however, that they are strongly prepossessed against themselves—that they are perpetually aggravating their own guilt—smiting their breasts from a sense of their iniquity; and bewailing their existence, but for the joyful exit they are going to make. — They have strange notions of Heaven’s wrath and Heaven’s relenting! — of God’s anger and man’s justice! —

they are persuaded that both will be appeased by their fall ; and that all mankind will be honest, the moment they have turned their backs.—I cannot but commiserate their folly, and shudder at their dissolution !

‘ True, sir, said the lady (smiling)—humanity constrains our pity — and for the temple, as you are pleased to call it — ’tis accounted the finest *gallows* in the *Netherlands*.’

About three miles further, perked up upon our left, stands the convent of *Melle* (a priory of canons regulars) rendered famous soon after the reduction of *Tournay* in 1745, by an ambuscade fatal to many of our countrymen. — Here we were out-generalled indeed ! — but what stuff is this that the common people talk ? — charging the poor helpless monks with treachery in that affair, and predicting the demolition of their house
when-

whenever the English shall again be put into possession of *Flanders*.—You, madam, who live among them, should set them right as to the temper of our nation--you may venture to assure them, that we are too discerning to mistake accident for treachery; too generous to harbour revenge; too merciful to batter down the walls of the innocent and defenceless; and, in fine, that we have much more religion than we make shew of,

Looking forward on the road, and observing that the vista continued—still for several miles onward; and still the same prospect—there is a want of variety in these strait lines, thought I to myself—but then on the other hand, the various fillage, and the beautiful plantations are delightful—not an uncultivated spot to be seen, if it were but so big as a sheet of paper!

To these industrious *Flemings* our country owes much of its present flourishing condition—they taught us trade and navigation--their buildings, rude as they are compared with the Grecian, or Italian, or modern English architecture were the best we could copy formerly; and for our husbandry, the pleasurable as well as profitable part of it is theirs—our pastures have been enriched, and our orchards planted upon their experience—our beer improved by their hops, and our palates deliciously regaled with their cherries.*

‘That is *Alost*, said my fair companion, which we see before us—we are within a mile, and shall arrive in very good time to dinner —’tis just half way to *Brussels*.’

* *Kentish* Cherries, commonly so called, go by the name of *Flemish* Cherries throughout the County of *Kent* (where they are planted in great abundance) even to this day.

Good

Good God! said I, madam, and what is that? (shrinking back with horror at the sight!)—such a spectacle of racks, wheels and gibbets, loaded with the remains of human carcases, my eyes never beheld!

‘Tis the common place of exposing the bodies of malefactors after execution, for the whole province of *Flanders*,’ answered the lady.

I am particularly prejudiced against that inhuman practice, said I; as I doubt much whether any good purpose was ever answered to the living, by thus exposing the dead—they are more apt, I should conceive, to startle the innocent, than to strike terror into the guilty—a different way, less shocking and less reproachable to our nature, might, perhaps, answer the end as well.—Hang up their rags, if you will, to frighten crows; but not their carcases to feed them.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXI.

A Halt at Alost.

WHAT have you remarkable,
Mr. — in this clean, pretty
town?

‘ There are several religious houses,
a fine old church, and therein one of
Rubens’s best pictures; *St. Roch* asswag-
ing the plague.’

That seems to be a favourite subject
over all this heavenly country—but it
is not to be wondered at, considering
how many plagues you have been pes-
tered with---besides the plague of ty-
rants and fools.—Have you no saints
that undertake the charge of madmen?

‘ Several; or else, poor souls, I don’t
know what would become of them—in
particular *St. ———*. I

I would have that saint's effigy set upon every gate in *Flanders*—your town would incur no expence from my project, as I observe you have neither gates nor walls.

‘ We had formerly ; but it pleased the brave *Turenne* first to knock them about our ears, then to raze them entirely, and to leave us in a much more airy condition than many of our neighbours.’

Whatever were the sentiments of the past, I can't help thinking but that the present inhabitants are much obliged to him—but come, we'll see this picture—

‘ You'll lose your dinner—’

No matter; then I'll dine to-morrow—come, my honest fellow-traveller, we can dine, Heaven be praised ! every day, but may never more have an opportunity

portunity of seeing this master-piece of the pencil:

How awful! how dreadful! — and if it affects us with horror now, how must it have seized the beholders when it was first put up, which might possibly have been soon after the contagion had ceased? — the painter's own likeness, I perceive, in the figure of the saint — there are besides two small pieces, by the same creative hand, under the above, being part of the miraculous life of blessed *Roch* — in the one *St. Rubens* or *St. Roch* (whichever you please, for the painter's image is still preserved) in the desert, fed by his trusty dog, who presents him with a loaf. — The number of christian miracles of that sort is so many, as throws the single one of the jewish prophet, otherwise wonderful, into the rank of strange relations. — The subject of the other I have forgot.

Those

Those pictures had been lately taken down and cleaned, and were but newly replaced—several were of opinion that they had suffered considerably under the notion of being helped—so scowerers assist *painting*, and plaisterers mend *statuary*.

But the people are gathering very fast towards the centre of the great isle—something must be going forward—mark that poor decrepit Capucin now crossing—the eyes of all are upon him—see! he ascends the pulpit—nay, then we shall have a fine sermon to be sure!—astonishment! with what dignity he rises!—are you sure 'tis the same father we saw just now?

‘The very same, for I never lost sight of him.’

See! he raises his right hand—and, hark! he opens his mouth—what solemn—

lemnity!—what an equal poize his body maintains in the center, so that with ease he can alike address either side—
 —what grace!—how free and unrestrained his delivery—what cadences!—
 —'tis difficult to say whether he charms, or commands most—what majesty!—and all this in spite of his decrepitude and uncouth garb—not a sleepy eye in the whole assembly—no wonder—for they must be drowsy souls indeed, that such affecting eloquence will not keep awake. — The very pigs of the people are charmed into attention—for so I interpret St. Anthony's and other saints preaching to irrationals—the preacher shews now in his best light, and appears to be in his proper element; whereas most preachers that I have yet seen, appeared to me, never to be more out of their element, than when in the pulpit.

Manly

Manly grace and eloquence, I conclude then, no ways depend upon the external habit—the muscles mark the orator; not the wig—earnestness attracts all eyes; not the starched band.—The poor hooded hermit, the most unseemly figure that ever fancy dressed up and called human, with meer natural powers, I perceive, may draw attention, beyond flowing robes and lawn sleeves.

Every man who exhibits himself to the public professes delight, or instruction, or both; and, if he fails egregiously, is sure to meet with contempt, or neglect—we hiss bad players, and doze over dissonant and unmeaning preachers.

C H A P. XXII.

*The Travellers pursue the strait Road to
Brussels.*

‘UPON my word, gentlemen,’
said our fair guide (the moment we entered the room) ‘this is
‘ monstrous behaviour !’——

Indeed, madam, said I (endeavouring to turn the discourse into a smother channel) it would have been far more agreeable, if we had had the pleasure of your company — I am sorry to say that you have lost sight of one of the finest pictures I ever saw——

‘ Poh ! poh ! a fiddlestick for the picture !’ (interrupted the Lady)

And the hearing (interrupting in my turn) of a most affecting sermon !—so
affecting,

affecting, by the meer force of action (would you believe it, madam ?) that with scarce forty words of Flemish, I could almost persuade myself I understood every thing the preacher said.

‘ But not half so well, return’d the lady, as you would understand me, might I be indulged in one short period.—In fine, Sir, our dinner is spoilt, and I wou’d n’t give a fig for it !—any inclination I had for eating an hour ago, is all over !—the finest thing in *Alost* shou’d n’t tempt me !—but that I don’t mind—tho’, to be sure, I shou’d be sorry to be sick for others irregularity—and the more so, because I have n’t faith enough to believe that either *St. Roch*, or the Capucin could cure me !—But the most aggravating circumstance of all is, that the coachman has been up three times, and declares the gates of *Brussels* will be shut before we can get there—if so, we shall have

a comfortable sitting in the carriage all night !'

It would have been idle at such a critical juncture to have insisted further upon the different excellencies of the painter and preacher—their wonderful effects, proceeding from inexplicable causes ! — still more unseasonable to have entered into a detail of the various ways by which the soul may be captivated—here were effects enough already arisen from one and the self-same cause!-- the dinner spoiled—the coachman impatient—the lady out of humour. — And first for the first consideration ; the dinner was spoiled (a simple truth)—secondly ; the coachman was impatient (alike simple and true) — combine them together and the aggravation will be more than doubled by such combination. — These two naturally beget a third consequence, the lady was out of humour—aggregate them, and you will perceive

at

at once how the provocation rises.—
 Proceed we in our probation — the
 lady had had a good stomach — when ?
 —as soon as she heard that dinner was
 ready.—Still further—she had lost her
 appetite—how ? — the moment she was
 informed that dinner was spoilt. — A-
 gain — there was no possibility of reco-
 vering it.—Why ?---because she had
 set up her will against her stomach.----
 Add to these, that she knew the coach-
 man's impatience was well founded----
 it was not a meer pretext---that she
 would have seen thro' at once and have
 detected.

What a sum of serious consequences !
 ---and all arising from one apparent
 cause ; namely, the going to church
 to see *Rubens's* picture, just in the nick
 that dinner was ready.

We employ our reason too often
 against ourselves---I was aware of that
 and

and therefore said no more---indeed the lady had always two words in reserve, with which she might have silenced me at any time, after all the rhetoric I could have used.---'Twas *unmannerly*, she might have said.---All the reason upon earth in opposition to the lady's affirmation, could not have lessened a particle of the force of that single adverb.---'I say, 'twas *unmannerly*.'---That's enough, madam.---The more I had argued, the oftner she would have been constrained to repeat, 'twas *unmannerly*--- (two plain words, which in our altercations with the ladies, will answer the end as well as two thousand)---and finally, when matters are become ripe for a conclusion---'twas *unmannerly*, that's all I have to say.'

I therefore hold it the highest reason, in most disputes with the ladies ---to forbear reasoning at all.

We

We passed by the abbey of *Affligem*.
 — What a pity to pass by so delightful
 a scene! so hospitable a roof without
 stopping!—gaze on, and take your fill!
 said laughing NATURE—see what
 sumptuous inns God provides for his
 servants! said purblind PIETY—that
 may be truly called God's house! cried
 hoary INDIGENCE—let COME AND
 WELCOME! be its motto, said I.

A few miles further brought us to
 the village of *Affche*, about the midway
 between *Alost* and *Brussels*—here we stopt
 to bait our horses—but it was in vain
 for one who had so lately offended, to
 talk of running to the church for a
 minute.—‘Not for a second, said the
 lady (firmly)—you shall go no more
 out till we get to our journey's end, I
 promise you.’

This restraint is insufferable !—but the truly active mind may be always picking up something ; and failing of an inscription, may fall upon a derivative :—the Lamb, I observed, was the sign of our inn ; under which was written, *in't Lammekin*—what a feast for an English word-hunter is here !—he must see at once that our beautiful diminutive *Lambkin*, has only suffered a small change from the Flemish *Lammekin*.

We have just saved our distance ! said I (transportedly) as soon as we arrived at the port of *Brussels*—the moment we passed thro', the gates were closed upon us.

Pray, madam, is it usual to meet with a number of shops open and lighted up on a Sunday evening ?

‘ I apprehend that it is the practice in all roman catholic countries — so that the duties enjoined by the church have been complied with, the rest of the popish sabbath may be allotted either to business, or diversion.’

I believe you are in the right, madam -- nevertheless, to us zealous protestants, it has an unsanctified appearance.

We alighted at the *Grand Miroir* in the *Berg Straet* — the ladies scudded away to their chamber in an instant — ask the landlord in French, said my companion, what time supper will be ready? — *Pas avant neuf heures, messieurs* — *après la comedie*, answered the landlord.

This has been an extraordinary day of offence against good-breeding ! thought I — but come, what say you, my friend, shall we venture at a trifling

K 2

addition ?

addition?—and one round apology, or a string of them, 'tis to be hoped will set all right—the ladies have slipped in to shake the dust off their cloaths — we'll seize this opportunity of slipping out to the play.

Harkee ! waiter !—tell the ladies we shall be forth-coming at supper.

C H A P. XXIII.

Containing Questions and Answers.

I Would not willingly discourage a new author ; but really your work appears to me to be very deficient in the main articles which recommend books of travels : namely ; antiquity, politics, taste, town-talk, and even upon the score of common curiosity.

‘ In the first instance—I have not met with a single inscription, if it were
but

but of a tomb-stone, from *Dover* to *Brussels*; a matter which is never omitted by the curious traveller, which costs nothing, may be done by any one, and helps greatly to swell and set off a book.'

I'm sorry for your disappointment — but others had discharged that task before me—you say right, that they cost nothing—but the pains of transcribing; and pay well those who affect bloated learning.

' Do you believe that the vestments which are shewn at——for *Thomas a Becket's*, were truly his ?'

I don't believe any thing about it—they might—and they might not.

' Downright scepticism!—the same answer might be given as to the identity of numberless relics, which one

meets with here and there—and up and down'——

For which reason you may save yourself the trouble of asking.

' It often happens that your grave ones are shrewd politicians—for gravity is the true vizard of politics.—I would fain know then, what power you suppose will next have the keys of *Ostende*, in case of a rupture ? '

I have not considered the question.

' Nor any other I believe, in my conscience!—How often have *Bruges*, *Ghent*, *Alost*, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. changed their masters; been taken and retaken; conquered and ceded ? '

Almost as often as *Flanders* has been made a slaughter-house; and the cutting

ting of christian throats has been the diversion of certain christian princes.

‘ Are the present *Ghentings*, or *Gantois*, as zealous sticklers for their liberty, as their ancestors appear to have been ?’

Full as much—for the liberty of saying their prayers.

‘ You don’t appear to be over and above versed in these matters—but the arts afford an ample field ; and I could wish that you had been a little more explicit upon their painting and statuary.’

Too much has been said already upon what is in general so little understood—for, pray tell me, what man ever conceived a picture, or a statue, such as it really is, by the best description that could be written of it ?

‘ Since none of those subjects seem suited to your humour, it remains that you make us some amends by freely communicating all the little—dirty—yet interesting anecdotes that you have been able to glean.—Gaming, I’m told, is carried to an amazing height at *Brussels*?’

So I fear it is in almost every city in *Europe*.

‘ Nay, but there are false counts, sham marquisses, and professed sharpers, as they say, even in the court!’

There are professed scoundrels in all courts.

‘ The ladies too, I’ve heard, drive strange bargains, and make losing bar-
ters!’

The

The ladies are, or ought to be, the guardians of those precious caskets their own honour; and the cabinets of their own secrets — I never sought to violate the one, nor to pry into the other.

‘ They paint, it seems, furiously, one and all ! ’

No wonder, as long as paint begets flatterers—if the gentlemen would one and all shew their detestation of it, there is no question but that they would soon give over that abominable practice.

‘ Sdeath ! this is not the thing—I must descend to the more familiar—common topics suit best with common travellers.—How many horses has Prince *Charles* in his stable ? ’

I did not enquire.

‘ Stupidity! — how many services has he at his table? ’

As many I should imagine as his steward of the kitchen thinks proper.

‘ Does he eat heartily? ’

I suppose so—when his royal highness is hungry.

‘ Vastly taken with the *English*, they say? — ay, no doubt, he knows his friends! ’

He is, as I am informed, of a free and generous nature, and apt to distinguish the *deserving* English.

‘ Poor *Coriat Junior*! — thou must certainly have slept more than half thy time! — but courts were not made for thee, nor thou for courts—the public streets and the highways—there you
shew

new best. — Come on then! — how many steps are there up to —

I never counted them.

Strange want of curiosity! — how many feet do you reckon it to the top of — ?

I did not measure it.

Unpardonable neglect! — do you believe it possible from thence to count the ships in the *Downs*?

I apprehend the day must be very clear, and the glasses remarkably good.

I'm told the market-place at *Offend*, is very like *Hanover-square*?

As much as 'tis like *Paddington*, or *Ratcliff-high-way*.

‘Is the *Place-Sablon* really as big as *Lincoln’s-inn-fields*?’

Not half so big—or I’ll be hanged!

There are many more questions, equally important, which I would fain be resolved in’——

Not one of which shall be answered by me.

‘The plain truth is, because you can’t.’

Look you, Mr. *Querist*, I am not obliged to answer every fool’s impertinence—you may receive satisfaction in most of your points from twenty different trips and tours—I set out upon another plan; and if you like my method, you are heartily welcome to it—*paying the bookseller FIVE SHILLINGS.*

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIV.

*An Invektive against Itinerant Knaves
and Fools.*

SUCH is my regard for my native country, that, for our credit-sake, I would have an embargo laid upon the exportation of scoundrels and fools, of what class, or denomination soever; whether unrepenting debtors, notorious cheats, professed sharpers, pretended *Milords*, egregious coxcombs, pestiferous free-thinkers, or crack-brained politicians.—None such should be suffered to depart the kingdom without licence—licence for knaves and impostors!—no—rather let them live to be despised, or to be hanged at home.

Or if some of them must needs travel, 'tis well known that we have colonies in both Indies, who are as proud

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proud of our vassals of intemperance, as of Indian spoils; who seek every occasion to enrich themselves with the dregs of our people, for whom they are willing to barter tobacco and pagodas.

I am sorry to say that I have heard of some such in every place that I have as yet visited, to the shame of their keepers, and the scandal of our laws—such wretches should be otherways provided for, since we have plenty of goals and madhouses of our own; and not be suffered to lessen the British name upon the continent, which at present appears to be at a towering height.

How! half a gross of silk stockings, fraudulently obtained by an Englishman from a sober shop-keeper of *Brussels*?—Nay then, said I, that must certainly have been some wholesale scoundrel, who makes a trade of it—without even

even the common plea of necessity; in which case two, or three pair at most might have served his turn.

What do I hear?—a whole family undone! — the credulous father left broken-hearted! a son despoiled of his inheritance! an only daughter's honour violated! all under the mask of friendship, and all by the same ruffian! — Villain! hadst thou three lives, they were too few to pay the forfeiture.

I am grieved that foreigners should know our women can breed such monsters!

‘ We were all vastly surprized, said *Madame la Duchesse DE ****** to hear that *Milord TAPE*, turned out to be nothing in the world but a broken haberdasher! he! he! he!’

‘ As

‘ As much, madam, I should suppose (returned *Madame la Comtesse DE ******) as we were, when *Milord CUTTER* was challenged with being an outlawed smuggler! he! he! he!’

‘ True; said the duchess—I had almost forgot him — you know ’tis above a month ago.’

‘ I wonder much at that, returned the countess; when I remember he had the honour of dancing with your grace at the prince’s ball.’

Her grace made no reply—but it was observed that, in an instant, the blood in her cheeks considerably heightened the vermillion.

‘ I hope your grace has not forgot my English lover’ said *Madame la Marquise DE ****** (with the sweetest languishing look that can be imagined)

—‘ *Mi-*

Milord!—*Milord!*— the deuce take his title and him too!—O *Milord* BLAZE; who I think, they say, had fired his house and ran away by the light of it! —he! he! he!’

‘Such a pack of peers!’ said her grace—‘such trumpery *milords!*’ said the countess—here the company joined in a general — he! he! he! —

All but a German count, who was remarkably grave upon the occasion — who for the space of two minutes and a half said nothing, neither acted he any thing — but by his disturbed countenance, by frequently sucking in his upper lip, and repeatedly pinching the extremity of his chin, any one might have concluded him labouring with the big thought — which was really the case, and no less than this.

He

He had been all along uneasy at the conversation, and debating with himself how he should put an end to it. —At length, with *Austrian* dignity rising up, he spoke as follows,

‘It is not for our honour!’ said the count (laying his right hand upon his left breast)—and again reiterating the same words with a more forcible emphasis—‘I say, *Mesdames*, it is not for our honour!—(raising his head, and throwing back his shoulders at the same instant)—to waste more time upon such worthless subjects—I cannot remember them but with abhorrence! (purging his brows)—with detestation! (gnashing his teeth)—when I revolve that no condition of life is exempted from affronts, and that even *Austrian* greatness may be insulted!—Gods! what am I?—(putting on a Croatian face.)’

The

The young marchioness was so far from being intimidated at those big words, that it was observed she simpered; but no body knew from what motive,—the true cause, as I understood, was; that, in her discerning eyes, those pretended *Milords* had been always doubtful characters; tho' the count's aversion to them had never shewn itself while they were flush with money, during which short period he had won considerable sums from their lordships.

Ce sont des malheureux! said the duchess, *scornfully*—*des fripons!* said the countess, *smiling*—*des mechants!* said the young marchioness, *lisping*—*des guezux!* said the count, *thundering!*—*apparemment!* said the duchess—*sans doute!* said the countess—*assurement!* said the marchioness—*croyez moi!* said the count, with an air of triumph.

What

What company was that that arrived just now at the *hotel d'Angleterre*?—A crew of noisy Englishmen—they have left *London* upon a ten days party—to see a play, to laugh heartily at the friars, to steal a nun apiece (if possible) or failing therein, each to have his battered *Brussels* wh— and a skin full of *Burgundy*.—Englishmen are always at home—hark! they begin to roar already.

But it seems a message was sent to them next day from a principal magistrate, desiring the favour of *Messieurs les Anglois* to be more reserved in their behaviour, more guarded in their expressions, less boisterous in their cups.--'Tis no new thing for *les Messieurs Anglois* to be called to order.—I don't know how the company relished it; but I confess I thought it a very polite way of proceeding.

‘We

‘ We make shift to live (said the placid *Chevalier* DE *** to an English pensioner of two thousand pounds a year) tho’ our estates are not so large, nor our employments so lucrative as in *England*.’
 — ‘ We should hardly account it living at all, replied *Squire* BLUNT.’ —
 ‘ We have as few wants as our neighbours, continued the *Chevalier*—so few, that in truth I am not sensible of any.’
 — ‘ There is a total want of *English* manners,’ (returned *Dick Looby* :)— ‘ Of *English* cheer,’ said young *Guttle* :— ‘ Of *English* Liberty,’ roared out *Jack Briton*.
 — ‘ You deafen me ! gentlemen, said the *Chevalier* (holding his hand up to the side of his head.)— ‘ Ha ! ha ! ha ! hah !— Shew me a *Fleming* who can laugh like that,’ said *Jack*—a choral laugh ensued !
 ‘ *Messieurs*, said the *chevalier*, rising, *je vous souhaite la bonne nuit*.’

‘ Pray inform that English gentleman (if he is a gentleman) said *monsieur*
 BAL-

BALLIEU, that open gallantries are not permitted here—the ladies have free liberty to veil their faces as much as they think fit; nor are their public devotions to be interrupted with impertinent whippers and indecent oglings.’

Upon another occasion, the same *mon-sieur* BALLIEU observed, ‘That the morals of the people were the especial concern of the magistracy; nor would they suffer them to be corrupted by idle and dissolute foreigners of what country soever.’

‘I am shocked at that stranger’s libertinism!’ said a sensible *Flemish* burgo-master—‘Who is he?’—Answer was made, that he was an Englishman, and a Freethinker.—‘I judged he was an Englishman, replied the burgo-master; but cannot from his behaviour tell what a Freethinker means.—Does it give him a licence to turn all religious professions

essions into ridicule?—I should suppose it did—for, during the celebration of our most solemn mystery, I observed that he endeavoured to make a mockery of the whole.—Tell him, from me, that temples and altars, priests and rites are sacred things *with us* (as indeed I apprehended they were every where) and may not be affronted.—Tell him also, that if he offends again in like manner, due punishment, *with us*, is sure to follow wilful and malicious transgression.*

Several gentlemen employed in the revenue, were a good deal puzzled, not long since, upon the sudden arrival of an English politician ; who was very importunate to see the minister ; assuring them that every hour's delay was of the utmost consequence.

* Bless me ! sir, said one of the secretaries (who had been used to business) if your dispatches are of a public nature,
how

how comes it (in the name of Heaven!) that they were not sent to the English ambassador? — ‘He is as much in the dark,’ replied the politician, ‘as you are.’

Upon his first and final audience, with an air of confidence, he thus addressed the minister.

‘My lord——your lordship don’t know me——that’s the first thing I have to observe——but we may come to be better acquainted shortly ——

‘Your lordship is to understand that I am an Englishman—a Briton, my lord——no vassal of an usurped power —— nor no enfranchised minion, once a slave; but a free-born British subject——subject! —— ay, but no farther than I see right and fit——

‘As I said before, my lord, a free-born Briton——once a Briton, you are
to

to understand, and always a Briton—
pray, my lord, observe me.'——

I do observe you, said the minister
(*twirling a piece of paper between his
thumb and finger.*)

'We must be private, my lord — I
hope no body can over-hear us!' —
(*looking cautiously round.*)

I hope not, answered his lordship.

'As an Englishman, my lord, I
have been always accustomed to say
and do whatever I like, and to come
and go wherever I list—'tis my birth-
right, my lord — my prerogative. —
Judge then what I suffered in the ex-
change, the moment my feet kissed the
queen's ground!—to be stopt! my lord
—to be interrogated!—O what a fall-
ing off from natural liberty was there!
—'sdeath! my lord, if such an indig-
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nity had been offered to me in my own country—I had it in my choice, either to have shot the fellow, or to have sworn away his life!—but in this land of bondage! '——

His lordship rang the bell—saying, at the same time—pray, sir, proceed—

‘ Now, my lord, continued the politician, I have a scheme for making this fertile country, as free as any upon earth!’——

Here one of the secretaries entered; to whom his lordship muttered some twenty words aside; when he withdrew.—Go on, sir, said the minister.

‘ The evil of this state, my lord, resumed he, is two-fold—the arbitrary jurisdiction of the crown, and the unconscionable power of the church—both of which, though apparently
stedfastly

stedfastly fixt—I think I could topple down in the course of a couple of years.’

You undertake great things, sir, said the minister, with a settled gravity upon his brow.

‘ But no more, my lord, than what I profess myself capable of atchieving—I am no pretender—no vain talker—actions speak the man.--There are many instruments—some good—some bad—head and hands, and all at work for the public—the pen, a singular good one, when well guided—and let me tell you, my lord, *England* has felt the lash of my feather before now.—But as this is no part of my present business, and only touched upon as occasion offered; I perceive your lordship begins to be a little curious to learn the true cause of my errand hither :—that you shall know in brief—and in few words,

it is this:—If this should fortunately prove a time of leisure with your lordship, I shall be happy—for believe me, my lord, I can engross your whole attention for one three months.’

To the first part of the first day, sir, if you please, said the minister—(hitching himself to one side of his chair.)—

The politician opened — ‘ Not only to make a people free, but to maintain them in freedom, are my great objects! —councils may advise, may direct—but for whom do they advise and direct? —too often for themselves—to answer their own base ends and shallow purposes. — Hence the mischievous confusions in government.— It follows then, the necessity that there will always be for a sober, dispassionate superintendant.

‘ *In the multitude of counsellors there is safety*, says SOLOMON—I must beg leave to dissent from his majesty—your lordship and I know otherwise—he should have said, *there is* frequently confusion.

‘ But to what purpose, my lord, to make free, unless we can support in freedom?—that were to make headless trunks, and sinewless arms.—We must be great, as well as free—our name must be respectable to our friends, and in the same proportion, terrible to our enemies.—These cannot be effected but by—what?---WAYS and MEANS, my lord.---Now I shall come to my point.

‘ WAYS and MEANS have been my particular study---no man has carried his researches upon those heads further ---no man I may venture to affirm, since it is an allowed truth, understands them better.--- I am perhaps the

first who reduced them to sure principles---infomuch, that shew me your WANTS, and accept of the MEANS.--- Nothing, your lordship sees, can be more explicit---the coin in your treasury is not more yours, nor readier at your command.

‘ But does it follow, my lord, because I have been all along contented with trifling gratuities---to accept of hundreds, where thousands have been my due---that I must therefore give millions for hundreds?--- unreasonable to the last degree!-----

‘ If I have somewhat neglected my own private affairs, for the more weighty concerns of the public; surely the greater is my desert, and the louder my claim!----All this our short-sighted ministry know, and feelingly know by this time!----they curse themselves

selves, no doubt, and would gladly recover me upon any terms !

‘ But let them learn, my lord, that ’tis dangerous to tamper with great spirits !-----disgust like mine can admit of no cure !----if commanders sometimes have abandoned their country from a sense of injury ; what may we not expect from those who have a right to command their commanders ?

‘ I should certainly have been taken care of, had I staid many days longer ; for as I understood, there were several after me upon the road.

‘ Your lordship, will perceive that I left London precipitately, and posted hither upon the wings of resentment--- I shall not scruple therefore further to inform you, that, in my hurry, I left many things behind me ; and even the necessary provision for my journey---

L 4

myself

myself being ever, as your lordship must have observed, the ultimate object of myself.—It remains then to acquaint you, that—a trifle—a hundred ducats, or so, for the present, will not be unacceptable.’

I begin to understand you, sir, said the minister — (pausing.)

‘It is impossible, return’d the politician, that I can be misunderstood by one of your lordship’s discernment (bowing.)

‘I have besides something to offer for which I make no doubt, but we shall come to an immediate agreement.—’Tis an inexplicable cypher, which would do honour to a prince in his secret correspondence!—a cypher, my lord, worth the first jewel in the imperial crown!—and which I challenge the
devil

devil himself to find out!—a cypher,
my lord'——

We have already a number of cyphers in office, interrupted the minister (coolly.)

• But not such a one as mine! my lord, reply'd the politician (hastily) — I'll be da——d, if you have!'——

Here his lordship rose up with a sensible quickness, as though he had just recollected something of importance — ' We shall pay a proper attention, sir, said he, to what you have said; nor shall any part of it transpire—when you are wanted, you will be sent for.'

Upon leaving the audience, one of the secretaries whispered the politician, ' That if he intended to sojourn much

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longer at *Brussels*, an apartment would be taken for him at the *Sella Broueres*.^{2*}

There is nothing to be wonder'd at from these premises, to those who consider that, Wherever liberty reigns uncontrouled, virtues and vices will be always found in extremes:—In such happy soils spring up spontaneously, the fairest flowers, and the rankest weeds—the most heroic, and the basest minds—the wisest men, the greatest fots and fools.

C H A P. XXV.

Of Prince CHARLES's Cabinet, and of the Brussels Gazetteer.

‘**M**ETHINKS ’twere a pity not to observe some method, now that you are about to describe a place

-
- A house where madmen and fools are taken proper care of, at the public expence.

where.

where such excellent method has been observed.'

You're right, friend : — upon a presumption that I was going to do, what I never dreamt of.—Does it follow, because I chose to mention his royal highness's cabinet in the first part of the head of this chapter, that I am therefore bound to give a scientific description of its contents? — by no means.—If I barely mention, that in such a part of the palace, there is to be found a suite of rooms, containing modern portraits and old japan; china and nicknacks; stuffed birds and dried fishes; together with an infinity of butterflies and beetles; snakes and hedge-hogs; crabs, perriwinkles and cockleshells, I shall have fulfilled my engagement, without entering into particulars.

But if readers will arrogate to themselves the privilege of anticipating all that an author has to say; no wonder that books are not half read; and that the present race of critics are contented with barely skimming over tables; foreseeing at once every thing that can possibly be said upon every subject.

Is it for these, my brethren of the quill,
*that we haste to rise up early, and so late
take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness?*
—for these, that we conceive in smart,
and bring forth in sorrow? — for
these, I say, my fellow labourers in
the harvest of good letters! that we
follow the counsel of our great teacher*,
*and turn the living line, and ourselves
with it?*—that *we strike the second heat
upon the muses anvil?*—that we sweat
for our own fame, and blush for their
infamy? — When every puny *whipster*
snatches the poets pen, and blots and

* BEN JONSON.

blurs

blurs according to his own conceit—
farewell to all good writing! — men of
genius! henceforward, make bavin—
there are blockheads enough to make
books!

Confusion light upon such wou'd-be
critics! — what are they driving at?—
but I'll mortify the snarling curs!—
for they shall read me (if they can
read) or they shall never find out what
I am going to say next.

You must know then that I have re-
served the particulars of this superb ca-
binet, with the manner in which it is
digested (which may serve also as a pat-
tern for methodizing princely collec-
tions) to be inserted in my TREATISE
upon CABINETS.—Wherein I purpose
to point out their utility, as they might
be managed; with their total inutility,
upon the footing that most of them
stand at present.—I shall demonstrate
the

the possibility of seeing every thing, and at the same time of seeing nothing (a curious paradox!)—To remove any inconveniency that may arise from a concourse of visitants, with what they may expect (if they have a right to expect any thing) I shall propose, that wherever there is a well-digested museum within, for the inspection of the ingenious; that there may also be proper food provided without doors, for holiday-folks and monster-loving *virtuosi*.—For instance—a lion, and a jackall; a civet-cat, and a cat-o'-mountain; a bear and a monkey.—Many ladies, I have noticed, are vastly taken with grottoes and artificial fountains; with waxen piramids and moving pictures.—Then, for little masters and misses, I should propose a pretty variety of squirrels, dormice, and a coach to be drawn by a flea.

By

By such provision the populace would be better entertained, and kept at a proper distance—CONTEMPLATION would not be interrupted with IMPERTINENCE, nor the regions of SCIENCE (into which none should be admitted, who could not clearly distinguish between a cloud and a camel) defiled with the breath of IGNORANCE.

This proposal will be humbly offered to such of the nobility, who have not been as yet cajoled out of their understanding and virtue; nor have already sold themselves to fools and flatterers.—Here I shall endeavour to point out some of the advantages — the increase of honour to themselves, and of knowledge to individuals.—I shall next prove by vulgar arithmetic, that forty or fifty thousand pounds so expended, in the course of twenty years (the subjects being carefully preserved) will be worth very near, perhaps

haps more than their original cost; consequently will be so much treasure accumulated to the family:—whereas the neat proceed of the same sum, expended in the same given time, upon running horses and sporting dogs, will amount only to — a parcel of old saddles, horsecloths, watering bridles and dogs collars; consequently so much treasure alienated from the family for ever.

The different effects upon the principles and manners of a people from the worth, or worthlessness of their superiors, will be also slightly touched—the love of science, producing a nation of men; on the contrary, an universal love of gaming, a nation of monsters. — The great, I am persuaded, cannot more effectually promote the cause of learning and ingenuity, than by well regulated schools like these. — We might then shortly hope for an increase
of

of able mathematicians, and a decrease of subtle sharpeners--of arts-masters, not of Grecian artists--of industrious mechanics, not dissolute gamblers -- of natural philosophers, instead of natural fools.

And lastly, with a view to providing for some ingenious, but unhappy wights, whose studies perhaps have taken an unfashionable turn; I shall beg leave to recommend such to the direction and management of the said museums.—Let them be men of approved knowledge; capable of tracing the apparent beauties, the seeming deformities and the sportive exuberances of nature; and of demonstrating the principles of arts and mechanics :—may they receive their reward, rather as the bounty of their patrons, than as the wages of hirelings :— and finally, may they always find chairs, wherever the chaplains can find any.

This

This work will conclude with obviating any difficulty that may arise on account of the last-mentioned expence; as I have no doubt but I shall be able to prove to the entire satisfaction of their lordships, that half a dozen well-bred philosophers will not consume so much as a couple of saucy grooms.

‘ But still it will be expected that you should say something about the *Brussels* cabinet.’

What would you have me say? — is not a cabinet, to the generality, a cabinet? — ‘ and, as the lady observed, are not there a *monstrous* sight of charming things? — and all mighty neat, and prodigious pretty, and very sweet, and vastly clever!’

You’re perfectly right, madam — I think I never saw so fine a collection — well-chosen, elegantly disposed, and
so

so happily arranged that 'twould be cruel to pull them to pieces. — I fancy, madam, if I may venture to guess at a lady's fair thoughts, that you have conceived a violent passion for some of his royal highness's japan ?

‘ He ! he ! he !—how can you think so ? ’

Nay indeed, madam, I could not blame you—for 'tis the finest I ever beheld.

‘ Why then, sir—to tell you the truth—I should like to have it every bit and crum ! ’

The *Brussels* beauties must unquestionably veil to ours of *Windsor* and *Hampton-Court* — tho' I have no doubt but that those ladies had their allurements when living, which justly entitled them to a place here :—but OURS
charm

charm even after death ; and *pigmalion*-like, we cannot refrain from worshipping each divine resemblance !

I was much pleased to find among so many objects of taste and utility, a complete chemical apparatus—it appeared to me to be placed there with great propriety :—this may serve, thought I, occasionally to remind some folks of their wants :—a virtuoso attending his young lord through these delightful meads of nature and science may have an opportunity of whispering him some of the numberless advantages to pleasure and profit arising from the knowledge of chemistry.—For tell me, ye experienced sages ! what study is so befitting the mind of man — so becoming the patronage of a prince, as that upon which most arts and manufactures depend !—the ready clue to countless abstract causes and effects—the only
key

key by which we can unlock the mysteries of nature?

Naturalists, upon entering the great room, are apt to be struck with the just proportions of the *Polish* dwarf; an human figure, at man's estate, not exceeding in stature inches, and weighing only pounds.— But the ladies, I perceive, are more smitten with his companion the monkey; who, coxcomically dressed, and erect upon his hinder legs, seems to turn away from his brother mimic with an air of contempt.

The cabinet of engraved stones, late Queen *Christina's* of *Sweden*, is certainly a very valuable acquisition to the *Brussels* museum—but it would require more time to examine a single cameo than is allowed for viewing the whole.—The same observation will hold good respecting the natural rarities:—the mechanical

chanical dispatch which is used in shewing you what is called *every thing*—pulling out one drawer, and skipping five or six above and below, is vastly entertaining, and proves that an easy knack can only be acquired by habit:—if any rare subject happens to catch the eye, lest it should occasion some controversy, popping in that drawer, and whipping out another, in order to divert the attention—and so of the rest in succession, till you have skimmed over the whole.

'Tis surely the prettiest confusion that can be devised—and what fine ladies and fine gentlemen, for the most part, are very fond of.—'Tis exactly similar with our own raree-shew at *Montagu-House*—and I know of no difference, save that as the British-museum is the only *gratis*-shew in *England*, you carry your ticket in your hand—whereas the *Brussels*-cabinet is
among

among the few foreign ones, to which you are admitted by virtue of a ticket in your pocket.

The models of the several arts and trades appeared to me to have infinite merit, not only upon the score of curiosity, but of real utility—they are certainly happily conceived, well executed and no less ornamental.—I should think his royal highness would be frequently solicited to have them copied and improved, as they would be a very useful addition to any prince's cabinet.—I apprehend that a course of lectures upon such models, would make a proper part of the education of young noblemen.—They might learn from them how the bulk of mankind are employed—their humanity would be enlarged upon that consideration—in some cases they would admire and wish to reward that ingenuity which they ne'er can rival—in others, they would often com-

commiserate, what they now wantonly despise—in a word, they would soon perceive that the riches of a nation depended in a great measure upon its arts and manufactures; and that its best security was the virtuous industry of the people.

One of our party at this philosophical banquet, happened to be monsieur *Neron*, successor to the famous *Maubert*, in the weighty business of conducting the *Brussels-gazette*—Mr. K. Secretary to our minister, from whom I received many civilities, did me the favour to introduce me to him.—I was much taken with the unaffected simplicity of the character, and invited him to dine with me at our inn; which he accepted.

Monsieur *Maubert*, he informed me, from a series of unhappy events was likely to pass the remainder of his days
in

in prison.—Poor gentleman! said I.—
 ‘Do you pity him?’ returned monsieur *Neron*—‘can an *Englishman* compassionate the downfall of *Maubert*?’—no doubt, said I—we ought to pity, not to rejoice at the distress of our enemies:—this is not the private sentiment of an individual, but the voice of a people—so general, that ’tis even become a part of our national virtue.—‘The *English* have unquestionably great virtue,’ said monsieur *Neron*.—I wish, said I, that for their own sake they knew how much they were possessed of—so that by reflection they might abate of their many follies and absurdities which lessen and deform it.

What subject, in the name of good manners! would you have had started, but politics, to a professed politician?—In which case, there’s nothing like fousing into the midst of things at once,

I look upon *England*, sir, said I, to be the only land of liberty and free intelligence — ‘ Hum ! ’ said monsieur *Neron*. — The former indeed cannot exist with any degree of assurance, without the latter — ‘ Hum ! ’ said monsieur *Neron* again. — Now, sir, I apprehend that it is but of little use to the public that men think freely, if they dare not as freely communicate — ‘ Freely communicate ! ’ reiterated monsieur *Neron*.

— Some native sparks of freedom, I grant you, are to be found every where — but then they are either choaked up, or lie buried in the embers of state-policy — ’tis in *England* only that they are suffered to blaze forth, diffusing a generous warmth to all her children ? —

‘ I am sorry you don’t like our snuff,’ interrupted monsieur *Neron* —
at

at the same time presenting me his box.—

—With you, continued I, it is at the will of the sovereign, or with the privilege of the states—but with us, it is at the sovereign will of an independent printer, who may be a citizen of *London*, or a denizen of some inconsiderable market-town (for that makes no difference)—the man is equally free, being an Englishman, to print and act without controul, in whatever part of the kingdom he chuses to reside.—In several of our country-towns which it may be are a fourth, or a fifth part as big, though not a fortieth as considerable as *Brussels*, we have one, two, perhaps three news-papers; besides about fifty that are every seven days, issued from the London-presses—I am of opinion we should not strain the computation by advancing, that South-Britain alone furnishes more printed intelli-

M 2 gence,

gence, such as it is, in one week, than the whole continent of *Europe* in half a year! —

‘ The land of news-papers !’ said monsieur *Neron*.

Ay, and the glory of all lands ! said I—To those fiddles of dissention, we dance an everlasting courant ! — By means of those vehicles of clamour, we keep up the spirits of the people, the ball of contention, and the ballance of party ! —

‘ We have no parties among us,’ said monsieur *Neron*.

So much the worse—party is the life-blood of liberty—if you have no avowed parties already, study to divide the common interests of the people ; and, my life on’t ! you’ll have parties enough.

‘ We

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‘ We rather study to unite—to cement them more closely,’ said Mr. *Neron*.

O damned lethargic system! — in which case, what does it signify who are in?

‘ Not much indeed,’ reply’d my new acquaintance, ‘ according to our notion; so that the public welfare is but promoted.’

What have you no choice? — no friends whom you would wish to see preferred; for whose advancement you would drink away your senses? — no unshaken patriots, for whom you would roar your souls out? — no favourite statesmen, to whom you would sacrifice yourselves, your wives and all your children?

M 3

‘ They

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‘ They are not of our choosin’,
said the Gazetteer.

I cry you mercy ! but with us they
are--We raise ’em, we sink ’em—If we
like the men, it may be that we dislike
their measures (out with them ! cries
one party)—If we like the measures,
’tis possible we hate the men (down
with them ! cries another) —We praise
’em, we abuse ’em alternately — In
short, we rate ’em in—we bait ’em
out.

‘ Scandal is severely punished with
us,’ said Mr. *Neron*.

Who talks of scandal ?—no such
thing was ever meant—’tis nothing but
harmless POLITICAL LYING—it serves
to amuse, to divert—to set people a
laughing.

‘ You

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‘ You often laugh in *England*, at what would make any other nation tremble for you, and for themselves ! ’

If they were our relations indeed—our loving brothers and our loving cousins, as we call them—or grant you, that they were our friends ; some shew of concern might follow :—but as political friendship has the same basis with commercial (mutual conveniency) there can be no doubt but that occasionally we make our neighbours laugh too.

‘ Strangers are often puzzled to find out the joke.’

And yet you have hit it off at once.

‘ I don’t comprehend you,’ said monsieur *Neron* (looking wistfully at me.)

Why the joke lies—in the puzzle.
—But besides the political entertainment which our public papers afford, we derive from them a great number of substantial benefits—I shall instance only two—the first respects the laws.—Our news-writers, you are to understand, are the laws chief supporters, and their tip-top expositors——

‘The laws with us support themselves,’ returned monsieur *Neron*.

The second regards the peace—Our gazetteers are wonderful guardians of the peace; and daily point out to the magistracy their duty.

‘Our magistrates, for their own honour, preserve the peace,’ said monsieur *Neron*—‘they want no monitors.’

Then for miscellaneous matter, each paper is a perfect posy. — Those gentlemen

men may be also considered as a kind of unlicensed liſtors—not a private folly, or misfortune eſcapes them — with their *faſces* of goole-quils they laſh and ſcourge away moſt unmercifully !—We laugh immoderately at others ſores ; and admire the ingenuity that can effectually ruin a man, without hurting a hair of his head, or touching a penny of his property :—But really it becomes ſerious, when we begin to reflect, that nobody knows who may be tied up next—You may laugh now—but it may be your turn by and by.—After all, you ſee plainly, no harm was intended—’twas nothing but a joke.

‘ O monſtrous !—ſuch inhuman jeſters would not be ſuffered to live in any other country !—if this is liberty, long may you enjoy it !’——

M 5

And

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And you your lethargy, and thread-bare virtue.

‘ I should rather have said, may you enjoy it, till the surfeiting abuse opens your eyes—for the present, I would not wish my enemy to have less.’

Bon jour ! monsieur Neron.

C H A P. XXVI.

In which the Traveller affects the Politician.

‘ CURSE on their dirty work!—where do they find tools?’

You need not trouble yourself about that—there are always enough to be found.

Some grown rusty with laying by, at a small expence of furbishing, may be

be brought into play again — some, blunted by disappointment, may cost a little whetting — others, worn down with hard service, upon being fresh ground, will last a long while.

Besides these old and familiar ones, there are entire new instruments ever at hand, which may answer as well, perhaps better, than the former, when once the methods of application are learnt—and that, you know, depends upon practice.

Some lawyers, are so many ready made—and now and then a churchman, convinced that *Godliness is not profitable for all things*, may for a while dispense with the duties of his sacred function, and become more eminently distinguished as a brawler of sedition, than as a preacher of peace.

But be not deceived, my dear countrymen!—all are not the tools of faction, whose only ambition is to be thought of that wretched importance. —The greatest number of those pretended malecontents (men destitute alike of principles and of professions) are simply tempted of the devil, and their own evil minds to become party-pamphleteers and literary assassins; so that they can but screen their worthlessness behind some dirty, mercenary publisher—or, they are retainers to lying gazetteers, and scandalous chroniclers.

In their politics, you would believe them to be the most disinterested patriots upon earth; in their calumnies, you would consider them as injured and abused parties:—The spirit of public zeal animates the one; the warmth of domestic affection, or partial friendship breathes through the other:—in either case, harshness of expression, becomes
warrantable

warrantable error, when the cause of injured virtue provokes our resentment.

'Tis all a cheat, take my word for it, from the beginning to the end—they are not the hundredth part so much affected, as they would wish to make you believe—as a proof whereof you shall have them every one on the opposite side, if you chuse it.--'Tis their vocation—they live upon the lye of to-day and the slander of to-morrow, and swine-like fatten upon filth and ordure:—should such scurvy diet fail, they must starve before the week were at an end.

If one of those wayward sons of detraction should assert, that his grace refused; what he never had in his offer—that he protested against measures; when he openly avowed the contrary—that his lordship had planned the ruin
of

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of his country ; which he had laboured incessantly to magnify—that he despised fair fame, and courted dishonour :—Believe him not.—If he protests that he was privy to the one, and can produce indubitable testimony of the other ; discredit him the more. — If he offers to pawn his honour for the truth---alas! he has no honour to stake! ---If he would establish the falsehoods by oaths ; they can only serve to add to the measure of his perjuries !

*O Heav'n ! that such companions thou'dst
unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked thro' the world !*

Besides these, there are certain volunteer incendiaries ; the only patrons, if they have any, of the former — Men who delight in mischief -- professing independency, but promoting distraction : ---who sicken at the public tranquillity :
—who

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--who seek to destroy the haven of CONCORD, and preach up, that the vessel can never be safe but in a storm. --- These are so many sworn foes to the sunshine of peace; who endure not with patience the calm and beautiful appearances of nature--but rejoice in her uproars!--and most, when she is in her strongest convulsions!--Such miscreated beings would delight to be curious spectators of the general conflagration; and steadfastly to abide *the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds*, might they do it in safety to themselves!

In default of that grand event, they are contented each to bear his brand to the fuel of DISCONTENT; and, at a distance, to admire how gloriously (without once reflecting) how fatally it burns!

Droop

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Droop not, my country's genius!--
nor thou, fair virtue! hang thy dejected
head, impatient of the mischief, des-
pairing of the cure!--Mankind by na-
ture, even the most savage and unin-
formed, are governable creatures-----
Let observation point out the evil, and
wisdom plan the remedy.

CHAP. XXVII.

A Caution to young Collectors.

I Have already remarked that the
Flemings are in general honest—the
same may be said with great truth of
their neighbours the *Dutch* (how de-
spicable soever they may appear in the
eyes of the former) among whom inte-
grity and exactness are rarely wanting.
— But such general character will not
exonerate certain knaves by profession,
some of which are scattered every where ;
but

but who abound in the *Netherlands* — I mean such as minister to the fancied wants of pretended *virtu*.

Those reptiles, to the disgrace of what the world calls parts, play off little craft, for knowledge; and cunning, for foresight; to neither of which they have the smallest pretensions, independent of tricking: however it often suits their customers, and turns to very good account to themselves.—If you have a mind to try their skill upon any other subject, you will be sure to find them totally deficient — but when you come to speak of originals and copies; of the true medal and the false; of the first or last impression; of the rare or common shell—they will amazingly talk and shrug away not only your eyes, but your understanding altogether.

'Tis

'Tis seemingly a difficult, complicated part which the designing knave has to act; yet it must be easily attainable, since we find that the lowest wretches are possessed of it. — If he has to cope with ignorance; a little lying self-sufficiency will answer—when he meets with his match, 'tis his turn to play the ignorant—but the most profitable game, is to let people cheat themselves.

I admire that fellow's impudence who could palm such a wretched copy upon his lordship, for an original—such a one as the master were he living would spurn at! — But it seems he had the art previously to persuade his lordship that he was a most consummate judge.—' *Van Vernis*, thou'rt a flattering rogue!' said his lordship.—He is indeed, my lord—and yet you reward him for it.—' I hope not, my lord, reply'd *Van Vernis*, by joining in
the

the general consent—or if flattery; it is not I, but the world that flatters your lordship.’

Well said, my second-hand artist! —the picture is sold—you have cleared up a doubt in his lordship’s mind, which nobody ever doubted of before, but himself.—Believe me he has too much politeness towards you, and tenderness for himself ever to gainsay your assertion.

‘The picture is yours, my lord,’ said *Van Vernis*—though I can hardly find in my heart to part with it (sighing) — I have several times refused as many ducats as would cover it — but I had always a singular satisfaction in looking at it myself, which paid me more than the interest of the money (forcing a tear of joy)—Five hundred ducats, to be sure, is a poor consideration for such a piece!—A man may find

find ducats much faster than he can meet with such morsels ! (taking a final look)—If it had not been to your lordship, or one of your country, no one should have had it at that price—Believe me, my lord, a Frenchman should not have had it for double !—But the English are noble, are generous, and love to part with their money—they know good things and will have them *sontent qui content !* ’

‘ *Van Vernis*, said his lordship, by g—d ! thou’rt an honest fellow ! by g—d !—I didn’t expect it for less than a thousand, dammee !---but it shall be thousands in your way, firrah !--- I’ll puff you off for the prince of picture-dealers wherever I go, dammee !--- Several of my friends are fitting up cabinets just now ; and they shall buy all your pictures and antiques !--- we’ll have ’em over in ship-loads !--- the French sha’n’t have one of ’em, dammee

mee !---We'll send you bills upon the Bank of England for your money, and make a man of you at once, you dog !'

Unfortunately connoisseurship happened to be no part of his lordship's character—he might have been reasonably happy in that of a worthy patriot : —But then what must have become of poor *Van Vernis* ?

' It is a very nice part of our profession, said *Van*, to bestow liberally upon the opulent, that which nature has denied them—to lend them eyes to see ; and, above all, to give them sufficient judgment to become their own dupes.—In case of a detection, most commonly, for their own sakes, 'tis smothered—or should some dissatisfaction arise (as in the instance before us) how easy a matter to turn it upon themselves ?'

' I am no painter, my lord—my knowledge is *simply* that of a dealer—
indeed

indeed, I was rather doubtful, till your lordship confirmed the originality.—Your lordship saw, admired, and believed it to be such—Was it for me to set up my poor judgment, in opposition to your lordship's ? '——

' Take it away ! *Van Vernis*, said his lordship — da—n the picture !—take it out of my sight !—Poor fellow !—don't lay it so much to heart !—Hang the money !—I don't mind the money !—and for the picture, take it home with thee—'tis but a paultry consideration for the pain thou hast suffered '——

' Your lordship was always very considerate ! reply'd *Van Vernis*—but I'll take care that no generous Nobleman shall hereafter be imposed upon by this picture, as your lordship and myself have been.—I'll deface it the moment I get it home.'——

'Tis thine—do what thou wilt with it, said his lordship. '——For

‘ —For now that I recollect, my lord, I believe I know where the true picture is.’——

Say’st thou so?—Is it come-atable?

‘ I don’t care to be positive, after such a mistake—and yet I think I might rest my salvation upon the reality!’——

Procure me that—and set your own price upon it.

‘ As to price, my lord—I wou’d give double the sum that this accident had not happened.’——

Pshaw! rot the accident!—the best of us may be out sometimes.——

‘ Of that I am fully convinced now, my lord—and the conviction has so humbled me, that I never more will
offer

offer a piece of price upon my own judgment.'

You're in the right, *Van*! — well set about it strait. —

'The moment I get home, assure your lordship.'

Within a week, *Van Vernis* produced the self-same picture—but so new modified, that his lordship was perfectly satisfy'd with the originality; and frankly paid a thousand ducats for the same.

'I am sorry, my lord, said *Van Vernis*, that we haven't the copy to compare it with—but unfortunately I parted with it for ten ducats, to a chapman who attends fairs, only three days ago.'

O curse all COPIES! replied his lordship, as long as we can get ORIGINALS.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXVIII.

*A few general Remarks upon Brussels,
with some particular ones on the Begui-
nage.*

'TIS fine talking of seeing *every thing* in three or four days in such a capital as *Brussels*, and being acquainted with the people into the bargain!—Commend me to such ingrossers of curiosity!

This brings to my mind some of my country friends, who in their week's jaunt to London pretended also that they had seen *every thing*.—And pray what did you see?

'Why *Westminster-Abbey*, and its matchless monuments—*St. Paul's Cathedral*, and its naked majesty—the pillar of fire, and its smoaky prospect—the Tower, and the roaring lions—the wax-work, not forgetting mother *Shipton*.'

VOL. I.

N

That's

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C H A P. XXVIII.

A few general Remarks upon Brussels, with some particular ones on the Beguinage.

'TIS fine talking of seeing *every thing* in three or four days in such a capital as *Brussels*, and being acquainted with the people into the bargain!—Commend me to such ingrossers of curiosity!

This brings to my mind some of my country friends, who in their week's jaunt to London pretended also that they had seen *every thing*.—And pray what did you see?

'Why *Westminster-Abbey*, and its matchless monuments—*St. Paul's Cathedral*, and its naked majesty—the pillar of fire, and its smoaky prospect—the Tower, and the roaring lions—the wax-work, not forgetting mother *Shipton*.'

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N

That's

That's enough — and more by all that you have mentioned than you could have seen, had you never stirred from home.

But where to begin my remarks? — that's the question. --- I once thought of expending a great part of this chapter upon the subject of public ministers residing at foreign courts. ---

‘ Hey day ! --- Why what the plague can that have to do with *Brussels* more than any other court ? ’

True, my accomplished friend ! --- and it was upon that consideration, that I laid my design aside. --- It may be introduced with more propriety upon another occasion --- but I shall never have a fairer opportunity of acknowledging the polite reception that I met with at the English Ambassador's, and the elegant entertainment that our company partook of there. --- In grateful

ful remembrance of which, suffer me to add, that politeness of manners and elegance of living appear to me to be highly requisite in public characters; who study the honour of their sovereigns, more than their own emolument---whereas such base spirits as seek to enrich themselves, where parsimony becomes a vice; are rather the ministers of their own avarice, than of their country.

I confess that *Brussels* with all her boasted beauty, fell short of my expectation.---I found in her little to be admired but fountains and crooked streets; if we except the public edifices, some of which are very grand.—The several ascents to the palace, frequently reminded me of *Snow-hill*—in the way you meet with a magnificent pile of ruins, which has lain in much the same condition for these forty

years, but which with us would have been cleared in a few months.

But the court, the theatre, the brilliant assemblies, the agreeable *promenades*, the fashionable *course*—those are the charms of Brussels!—and to such as can enter into them with spirit, it must be accounted a delicious place:—to such then I leave them, for the sake of more important researches.

Peace be to the pious ashes of Saint BEGA! the foundress and patroness of those religious female colonies called *Beguinages*—and whether thou wert queen, priestess, or prophetess—virgin, wife, or widow—or all, or neither; it matters not to me.—Let monkish superstition blazon thy hallowed dust; and ignorance invent to thy honour, far more than is necessary to be believed—such legendary records may add to our wonder, but cannot

not increase our praise.— If by thy bright example, thousands of thy loved sex have been sheltered from want, and shielded from prostitution; millions of thanks we owe to thy memory.— If by receiving thy gentle rule they have been cut off from the corruptions, but not from the commerce of the flesh— and tho' recommended to enjoy a life of celibacy, nevertheless are not debarred the freedom of wedded felicity, when suitable matches offer; what songs of praise shall we not render thee? — In the mean while, by sober industry, each to employ her talent towards her own support; in various needlework, weaving lace, knitting purses, washing prints, fashioning and dressing dolls, and, the elder ones, in nursing the sick at their respective houses.

Well, after all, this seems to be no absurd institution— and something like it might be admitted into any corpora-

tion, whether papist, or protestant.—I will subscribe to it with all my heart, for the love I bear the sex.

No wonder that where such provision is made for frail virtue, profligate vice is not rampant in every street, to the annoyance of the sober, and the destruction of the unwary :—that goals and bridewells are not overloaded with such delinquents ; and finally that they are not freighted off in ship-loads to poison foreign plantations, after having done their worst at home.—Such a preventive for the most fatal and complicated mischief, is, in my poor opinion, to be preferred to speculative and patched-up cures.—There is seldom a remedy for idleness, when the habit of industry is lost—no room for good seed to spring up, where the soil is choaked with weeds.—‘ Employments are wanting, is the common cry ; and support in the mean time must be had.’

—How

—How so;—these people you find employ and support themselves; and so they might any where, under proper regulation.

It is not an hospital, or a row of alms-houses, into which none but the wretched are admitted—but 'tis a little hamlet within itself, enclosed with walls and gates, containing fifty, an hundred, perhaps two hundred tenements, ranged in several neat streets, with a handsome church or chapel.—The devotees enter there of their own free will, and carry their little portions and effects, if they have any, along with them — 'tis no discredit to be of their order—they are not confined save to the rule of the society, but are seen every where; and whenever they think fit may resign the habit, and engage again in the business of the world.

If therefore there are no avowed prostitutes in the *Austrian Netherlands*, one reason for it is pretty obvious. — Every city has its *Beguinage*, containing from two hundred to five hundred, or a thousand of those virtuous spinsters called *Beguines*.

Our fair pilot having indulged us with her courteous company for a week, from the time we left *Ostende*; found it necessary to return thither—and in complaisance for her many civilities, we could do no less than to accompany her on the way as far as *Ghent*.

And now, my good friend, said I, we shall have a little leisure to look about us—no posting back to *Brussels*! if you please—if the gates must be shut at seven, in god's name! let 'em shut the gates—we'll sleep upon the road, that's all.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIX.

*The Traveller chides his own Inattention ;
but endeavours to bring himself off as
handsomely as he can.*

WHAT have I lost !—and what
may not my country have lost
by this inattention—this treacherous
memory of mine !—But it is impossible
to remember every thing ; and consi-
dering the restraint that I have been
under, and the hurry I was in, it may
rather be admired that I have brought
away so much.

CORIAT returned, the ruddy cheek
of HEALTH returns to the sad mourners
of her absence.—Ye *fenny* inhabitants,
shake no more !—Ye sons of *moors* and
daughters of *marshes*, cheer up !—Ye
Essex hundreds, and ye *Kentish* weald-
ings, rejoice !—for CORIAT ! Sir CO-
RIAT ! your doctor ! your deliverer is
at hand !

This might with great truth have been said. — But alas ! what shall we say now ? — Whatever you please.

Quackery is so much the mode in this enquiring, this improving age—so respectable in its quality and so profitable in its consequences—that, to tell you a secret, I was not myself without some hopes, upon my return, of adding one to the number of *sine gradibus* doctors.

A single *nostrum* is enough to make a gentleman and a fortune — to acquire rank and equipage ; and often better than a plurality—for provided the party, for reasons best known to himself, professes only one branch ; there is abundant room to think that he will shine more conspicuously, than if he should undertake the whole catalogue of causes and cures ; of diseases, with their remedies—as a carpenter will be
always.

always the better workman, if he leaves the practice of physic entirely out of the question.

Pray who is that gentleman you parted from just now? — there is a wonderful deal of gaiety in his manner; of vivacity in his look; — of consummate affability — he really has a vast deal to say, and laughs immoderately!

‘It well becomes him to keep it up, and to make his patients laugh as fast as he can. — That is the facetious HIP-DOCTOR.’

I admire that equipage beyond most that rattle over the new pavement! — Do you know who’s it is?

‘I don’t recollect the learned gentleman’s name — but he is a famous GOUT-DOCTOR.’

Henceforward I shall pay more regard to common sayings—for I have often heard that an infallible remedy for the gout, would bring a man to a fine coach.

That gentleman's sword-knot is one of the genteelest things I ever saw; and I assure you there is infinite fancy in the manner of tying it on.

' Don't you know him? — 'tis the celebrated TOOTH-DOCTOR — one of the prettiest gentlemen that lives — he takes out your old teeth without any pain, and furnishes you with new ones which you may take out and put in at pleasure — which answer the vulgar ends of mastication, full as well as the natural; with the additional beauty of whiteness, and grace of evenness.'

I confess that wigs are to me among the indifferent things of life; insomuch
that

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that I seldom regard how a man's head is dressed, so that it turns out to be but tolerably well furnished within — yet one must be totally blind, not to be struck with that gentleman's buckle, —

‘ That is a very singular character indeed — the noted CORN DOCTOR, — who has disappointed more surgeons than any man of his profession — who defies them all — calls them a parcel of *jacks*, in return for their compliment of *quacks* to his brethren, — and declares that he has set many people upon their legs, who would have had no legs at all, if it had not been for him.’

All doctors as I live ! — a certain proof of the great learning, and uncommon industry of the age — but most of the latter. — How should it be otherwise ? for now-a-days a man is not allowed even the benefit of his own discoveries : — the moment he utters them,
they

they are no longer his, but the public's:—they are any one's for the taking up.—The poor simple regular idly conceited, that if any honour, or emolument should arise from his endeavours to serve a grateful public; that it was to be all his own.—Nothing could be more ridiculous than such a conclusion—for you see, slap! 'tis made a *nostrum* by some ignorant pretender.

I admire that a certain free communication from a learned physician, has remained to this time (for 'tis some years since 'twas published) the sole property of the author and his bookseller.

I expected that some ingenious baker would have advertised long since—*Crusts of bread, to be taken in a morning fasting, TRULY PREPARED, according to the directions of ——— by ———, &c.*—It might have served at least to have made Mr. *Alum's* shop better known.

Well

Well, you may laugh, reader, if you are so disposed—but really this forgetfulness of mine, is a very serious concern to me! — This is the second time that I have turned my back upon *Ghent*, without paying my respects to the celebrated Chanoiné, the reverend AGUE-DOCTOR; which was among the first visits I intended to make.

The fame of that gentleman's cures has spread itself far and wide --- people flock from all parts to be benefitted by his infallible *recipe* --- there is hardly a barge, or diligence arrives without bringing him fresh patients, and affording him fresh proofs of the efficacy of his medicine.

Now here might have been an importation for you! --- What an acquisition to my country! --- but first to myself! I should have expected knighthood at least! --- a fortune to my

my family, and a legacy for posterity ! --- and then the triumph of hidden wisdom ! --- to have confounded the whole college, when they meant to puzzle me ! --- to have replied to their worships, when they sought a definition, as *Sir George Talbor* formerly answered the *French king's* physicians.--- 'What is an ague, Sir? said *Messieurs les Medecins.*'---'An ague, gentlemen, replied Sir George, is---what I have discovered a new art of curing; unknown to your worships.'

Such a repartee will do everlasting honour to quackery; and is a certain proof that the knight had his wits about him—Had he simply answered the question as to the disease; it might have followed that their worships would have strove hard to have found out the cure.—Now a secret, we all know is nothing; unless we keep it to ourselves.

‘But

‘ But how can you be sure that you would have succeeded ? ’

— I should have pushed for it, I promise you. — I have just physic enough to convince the learned in that faculty that I know nothing : — and just so much I apprehend is sufficient to palm myself upon a quack for a man of knowledge. — That would have been my first game — and failing in my medical capacity, I should have had an excellent after-game.

‘ I don’t comprehend you.’

Priests, you must know, are much fonder of gaining souls, than of curing bodies—if nothing less would have carried my point—perhaps—I should not have scrupled to—you understand me.

‘ Why surely you would not have turned papist ? ’

Any

Any thing, my friend, rather than to have left such an inestimable secret behind me ; and have given up such a prospect of advantage to my country!— I might have pretended so, at least— and have swallowed a few temporary oaths.—But, grant you that I had only seen the father, and conversed with him for a quarter of an hour, upon his excellent art; that alone had been sufficient warrant to have published upon my return the following card,—

AGUES,
INFALLIBLY CURED!

after the

WONDERFUL GHENT-METHOD!

lately discovered

by

DOCTOR CORIAT;

at the

BRAZEN HEAD,

in

BLACK FRIARS.

For

For so that we can but acquire knowledge, and arrive at great discoveries ; for heaven's sake ! what does it signify how we came by them ?

C H A P. XXX.

*Wherein honourable Mention is made of
mine Host at the Magi at Aloft.*

THE three kings, they are commonly called — but look up to the sign, and you will find it to be a representation of the *eastern Magi* : — For in this sanctified country, not only the land is consecrated, and all the inhabitants devoted to heaven ; but even sign-posts, beer-barrels, pewter platters and earthen pipkins are hallowed—and you must be totally blind indeed, if some sacred type or other does not stare you in the face, look which way you will, or upon whatever object you please.

I shall leave to others, whom it more immediately concerns, to make their remarks thereon — 'tis no business of mine : — As an itinerant, I could not help observing that *the fruit of good living* flourished among all ranks — the examples of the highest stimulated the lowest to good works—to sobriety, industry, frugality — to acts of courtesy and beneficence : — It was not for me to enquire any further—it would have been idle to have engaged in any controversy ; and must have taken up more time than I could spare, to have found out who had the dominion of their consciences.

'Tis true, that in our former journey from *Ghent* to *Brussels*, there was no possibility of stopping by the way, or turning to the right hand, or to the left — there was an absolute necessity for jogging strait forward — the lady would have it so ; and there's no gain-saying

saying the ladies.—But having accompanied our fair conductor to the barge, and wished her the most poetical passage that ever woman had ; to rejoice the longing eyes of her children, and the throbbing heart of her husband ! — that nereids might play, and dolphins dance before her ! — The future direction devolved to me ; partly by seniority, partly by parental authority.

Forseeing then what was likely to happen within a few hours, like a prudent successor, I had begun to lay down my plan of operation ; and having privately consulted my intelligent host at the *Magi* at *Alost*, I learnt from him that the magnificent abbey of *Ninove* then rebuilding, would well requite a stranger's curiosity, for going seven or eight miles out of his way. — To spur us on the more to this excursion, he added, ‘ You will be the first English company to visit it since the
new

new foundation was laid.' — Good ! mine host, said I — I have no objection at being the first in any laudable pursuit—we'll dine with you, God willing ! on Friday—in the mean time you will provide a coach, and soon after dinner we'll set off : — to make it the more agreeable, you shall go with us. — ' With all my heart ! said mine host — I know 'em all, from the abbot to the junior novice, and will insure you a kind reception.' — Good again ! said I — we could not have lighted upon a better companion — on a more intelligent guide.

In the way to *Aloft*, the convent of *Melle* stood so invitingly by the way-side ; and recollecting the fatal ambuscade mentioned in a former chapter, I could not, with all my haste to get to *Ninove*, forbear calling to our coachman to stop. — We went in, but were disappointed — neither church nor cloister

cloister has any thing to boast—their best appearance are their outside. — But the rustic behaviour of the religious was very remarkable, and the strongest instance of impoliteness that we experienced in that country.—The fathers turned their backs upon us, and would hardly deign to give us a civil answer; concluding by our habit, as we supposed, that we were English and of course heretics.

Arriving at *Alost*, we found every thing in readiness—the dinner, the carriage, the landlord — and after a short repast we set forward.

And here it may not be improper to acquaint the reader with the true character of mine host.—Don't imagine that De Heer *Cooreman* (for so he is called) is a meer publican—such a one as is to be met with upon every road in *England*—One, bred a postboy,
con-

converted *first* into an ostler, and afterwards into a tapster;—Or, tired out with lazy servitude, now under his late master's escutcheon, reposes his future care in the lap of his once-loved *Dolly*—smoking from morning till night—drinking more than he brews—seldom opening his mouth but to swear, and welcome his customers in and out:—Or one, whose industry had enabled him to pick up his pence as a marker at a billiard-table:—or whose parts had promoted him, from being a feeder at a cock-pit:—Or lastly, from having been formerly the foremost in the *Olympic* field—and frequently playing booty on all sides; at last confessing himself the rascal but of one, was set up in a first-rate inn, as the reward of his treachery.

De Heer *Cooreman* had no such excellencies to boast—he had been simply bred up at the university of *Louvain*.
—had

—had latin enough to break a thousand charms— had gone through his courses regularly— was as good a polemic as the best of them, and no mean philosopher.— Mine host was certainly the most learned and highest bred publican I ever knew—not excepting old *King*, at the Angel at *Oxford*.

You see then, discerning reader, by those two instances which I have produced, that mens business are often the effect of accident, not choice :-- The enlightened mind must sometimes stoop for bread, to such employment as the heart ill brooks. — One man, without desert, shall have place and distinction ; but strip him of the accident of his birth, or partial favour, and he may be found scarce worthy to bear a trencher : — whilst another is fated to draw wine ; who notwithstanding may have brains enough to make a bishop : — De Heer *Cooreman*, I am persuaded,

VOL. I. O swaded,

swaded, independent of the chapter of accidents, would have made a better figure in a higher station.

Let no man then plume himself too much upon his lot in life—upon the accident of his good fortune:—If he is happy, let him study to increase his own happiness and that of others by a course of humility:—If he is simple, let him not offend his neighbours, but labour to conceal his weakness—But if he has understanding, no matter for his situation—he will nevertheless be grateful to heaven that he is not a fool.

The new abbey of *Ninove*, when finished, will be one of the finest, if not the most superb, of any in the *Netherlands*—the church is already compleated (a magnificent pile! full of exquisite ornaments) and the cloister in great forwardness. — It is really astonishing where those societies find money to carry on

on such stupendous works—to re-edify a building at the expence of three or fourscore thousand pounds sterling, without public benefactions, or private donations; but out of the stock of an handful of self-mortifying monks, is such a mystery as a Welch curate would find hard to unravel; and in a country too, where there is as deep distress, among the common people, as in his own.

The rule of this abbey is that of *St. Norbert*, which seems to be the most opulent order of any in *Brabant*—their habit is entirely white (even to their hats when they go out of the cloister) and being tight-bodied, gives them the appearance of a company of millers in their holiday-cloaths.

Thro' the interest of our guide, we might have had any refreshment at this hospitable abbey; and were even in-

vited to sup with the abbot; an honour which we declined, as the evening threatened darkness, and we had a cross-country road back to *Aloft*.

The next morning afforded us the agreeable prospect of one of the most plentiful and best regulated markets I ever saw — the crowd was astonishing and no less the good order — the people were evidently assembled to administer to each others wants — to sell and to buy upon settled marketable terms; without swearing, blaspheming, extorting, drinking, abusing and kicking up riots. — From the variety of necessities that were there, it had more the appearance of a crowded fair, than of a weekly market.

That nothing might be wanting to complete the pleasing scene; in one part, you had the eloquent itinerant mountebank and his facetious merry-andrew

andrew — In another, a ballad-finger, mounted upon a stool, with a painted shew-cloth, chaunting his tragical ditty, and pointing out with his wand the most affecting passages to his gaping hearers.

C H A P. XXXI.

Which is shortened on Purpose, that the next may not appear too long.

W HATEVER arguments we found protestants can bring against the monastic institution (and I have no doubt but that some of us might produce as many as would decently fill a chapter) I have not yet met with any that have put me out of conceit with the engaging courtesy of some of the brotherhoods—their hospitality to strangers, of what country, or persuasion soever; and their un-

bounded charity to distressed pilgrims and others.

By some unaccountable fatality, these primitive virtues stand their ground — and rail at the believer, wrapt up in a particular-fashioned habit, as long as we like, we can never strip him of something that lies under it—That by which so many good people are daily benefitted, must needs be praise-worthy—and, indeed, to which, as to articles of faith, we must subscribe whether we will, or no.

He will not only liberally bestow his alms, but at the same time offer up his prayers for you — the latter you may reject, if your conscience cannot approve — but surely a good, tho' a mistaken man's blessing, can do no harm.

In

In the laboured inventions (for many of them are no more) that have been raised against monks and recluses, you rarely meet with a single favourable circumstance—all is hypocrisy and specious zeal, the better to carry on the most profligate debaucheries.

This is generally the language of converts—and 'tis very fair, according to the true principles of *design*—for no one would chuse to blazon the good qualities of the character he sought to lessen.

The more moderate, content themselves with resolving it all into blindness, and superstition, and ignorance !

Is that all ? — Good heaven help us ! — the wisest of us ! — Bright goddess ! Resplendent TRUTH ! — open thou our eyes a little—that we may just catch a glimmering of thy perfection—enough

to guide our stumbling steps !—but not too much--lest the refulgency prove too strong—too powerful for mortal sight !

But what of their hospitality, their charity, Mr. Moderate-man ?—Not a syllable.

Why then, Sir, I am sorry to say that I must exhibit a charge of disingenuity against you — for you certainly would have mentioned somewhat of the one, as well as a great deal of the other, if you had not apprehended that it would make against yourself ; and have foreseen that it was a salve for a number of sores, and a healing medicine for many mistakes.

I confess I am fond of talking, especially upon subjects of philanthropy—Matters of mystery, I leave to the divines — who so well skilled in expounding ? — Words of a doubtful meaning.

meaning, to philologists—'tis their diversion—let them sport on:—Matters of contention, to the lawyers—'tis their bread—I would not rob any man of his bread:—The symptomatic art, with all its qualities and appurtenances, the learned faculty of medicine have an undoubted right to; and they shall have it untouched for me—and for the other branches of human knowledge, the gentlemen who humourously call themselves philosophers and adepts, are at full liberty to divide them.

Give me only a reasonable portion of philanthropy—as much as I can conveniently carry about me, let me travel which way I will, and I am satisfied.

I abominate incumbrances of every kind—and you see plainly, that if I had assumed any other character than that of a well-meaning cosmopolite,

O 5 that

that I must have carried my library along with me.

Men of science are positively nothing without their tools.

CHAP. XXXII.

The Travellers visit the Abbey of Affigem.

SO having settled some few points with myself, such as are hinted at in the preceding chapter; and taken leave of our learned host at the three kings, with a promise never to pass his door in any future Flemish peregrination—we ordered the coachman to drive to the abbey of *Affigem*, about half a league distant from *Alost* in the way to *Brussels*, and about half a mile out of the main road.

Here

Here the eye of the curious passenger is at once charmed with the delightful situation, the elegant avenue, the universal grandeur!—If a man, thought I, was ambitious of going to heaven like a gentleman; he need not wish to be transported thither from a more stately terrene mansion. —To this palace of piety princes might retire, after a surfeit of giddy greatness, and quietly lay down their ensigns of human pomp; sure marks of superior place, but not of more inward peace.

There's the comfort, after all!—the grand atchievement is to be acquired without them; nor will it have place in any quartering of the laboured escutcheon: — What have the *parties per pale*, the *parties per fesse*, and the *parties per bend* of our ancestry to do here? —where each is conscious that he has a serious *party per se* to act; the record whereof is incognizable to, and total-

ly independent of every COURT of HO-
NOUR. — *For my part, no offence to the
general, nor any man of quality—I hope
to be saved!*

The door of HOSPITALITY is ever
open—and some of her ministers always
upon the watch for the next comer :—
The modest stranger may spare himself
the blush of timidity at this time—let
him approach with respectful confidence
—my life on't! he will not be rudely
interrogated,—‘ What do you want ? ’
before he is let in ; but he will be first
admitted — the pious brethren never
doubting but that some or other of
them can administer to his wants, either
in matter of beneficence, or courtesy.

No such question will arise, as—
‘ What the devil has brought him hi-
ther ? ’— Each has resolved it in his
own mind — Devotion might stimulate
— Necessity might urge — Curiosity
might

might prompt. — It may be, to make an offering — to beg an alms — or, to contemplate a passion-flower.

For the love of truth! let us not misreport — neither, for our own sake, let us be unmindful of benefits — from strangers especially; and if of a different communion, so much the more to be admired. — It would be the height of ingratitude in me to pass by the kindnesses of father *Martin Stercks*, the *Hospitalarius* of *Affligem*; in a work purposely calculated to blazon humanity and to depict men — not to villify establishments, or bedaub sectaries: — to laugh at those who fancy they are pursuing the old; or hoot at such as are persuaded they have discovered a new road to heaven.

Having passed thro' two rooms, and being entered a third, the *Hospitalarius*, observing that my attention was wrapt in

in a picture of a holy family, addressed me as it were by accident — ‘ You are a catholic, sir, said he, I take it for granted ? ’ — (*Apparement*, was the word he made use of.) — No, father, said I, in your sense, I am not. — Hence followed a remarkable instance of his politeness — and another of his extensive charity — (such as should make bigots blush, and bridle the tongues of fools !) — for from that moment he never opened his mouth upon the subject of religion ; nor could his kindness notwithstanding have been more liberal, even tho’ I had been a pope’s nephew.

Having gone thro’ the several apartments which are commonly shewn to strangers ; he afterwards conducted us to the church. — But it would be an endless task to enumerate the treasures of churches in that country — An elaborate

borate collector* has long since filled the greatest part of four volumes in folio, with the trophies of churches in that province only.

I rather chuse to pause for a moment at this undecorated marble, sacred to the memory of *Antony Sanderus*, a learned Flemish antiquary of the last century—who after a life of much labour, falling into distress when most he wanted comfort; found a ready asylum among the pious Benedictines of *Affligem*; who received him with great kindness, treated him as a brother, made him bless his latter years, and lastly, found room for his bones within the bosom of their sanctuary.

Soon after, we were ushered into the prior's parlour to dinner (the several principal officers of the abbey being

* Butkens, trophées tant sacrés que profanes du duché de Brabant.

there)

there) by all of whom we were received with much politeness.— And here give me leave to observe, that if MOTHER-CHURCH has appointed certain days of abstinence; they must be undutiful children indeed, and froward to their own cost, who disobey her commands — **Provided** always, that in the absence of flesh, they can mortify so luxuriously---upon such excellent fish and fruits as we found among the Benedictines.

It is very well known to some readers, tho' others are intirely ignorant thereof (to which latter sort I beg leave to address myself) that the several members which compose a religious house, have their respective departments; from the presiding abbot, or prior, to the brother who digs in the garden.

In.

In abbies, his lordship, or Mr. Abbot is so much exalted above his fellows, that the domestic œconomy falls to the prior's and sub-prior's direction; who with their officers, the *thesaurarius*, or treasurer, who keeps the accounts, receives and pays — the *sacrista*, who takes care of the church, its ornaments and vestments — the *eleemosynarius*, or almoner, who looks to the distribution of the alms — the *infirmarius*, who presides over the infirmary, and visits the sick — the *cellarius*, who has the charge of the provisions — the *hospitalarius*, who receives the strangers, and keeps up the hospitality of the house — the *camerarius*, or chamberlain, who superintends the apartments — the *bibliothecarius*, or librarian, who takes upon him the regulation of the library; with others of a lower order, have all their keys of office.

Nothing.

Nothing can be wanting in a family so orderly provided — nor any thing neglected, where some one or other has a duty to discharge — at the same time that the business of the house, are so many relaxations to its members; whilst each is vying with his fellows, who shall best acquit himself of his post.

I was vastly taken with good father *Martin's* charge; and almost wicked enough to envy him the possession of it. — I cannot but account it wickedness, as it certainly is, to envy any man the virtuous enjoyment of a pious office. — And upon second thoughts, I might with as much reason have coveted those of several of his brethren.

The offices, or acts of mercy are all in themselves so beautiful — so nearly and intimately allied to kindred dust, that 'tis difficult to fix upon either of them :

them : — Since to give alms to the needy—to feed the hungry—to quench the thirsty—to cloath the naked—to relieve the captive—to visit the sick—to bury the dead ; are no less amiable, than to receive the stranger.

Suppose we carry this reflection a little further — and instead of envying this or that pious solitary his particular charge ; to consider ourselves as we really are — as members of the great world, and links of general society — and as such, that we have it occasionally in our power to act in each of those heavenly offices. — Now what a real object of envy must he be, who can alternately acquit himself of all of them !

If so, my good father *Stercks* ! long may you enjoy your partial happiness ; and worthily fill that office which no man can discharge with a better grace.

grace.— But give me the various turns in the common changes and chances of mortality ! — Enable me this hour to revive the drooping soul — the next, to cheer the comfortless—the next, to rejoice the past-hoping heart !——

But above all, throw the ACCIDENTAL EVIL in my way, that I may feel the unspeakable felicity of doing ACCIDENTAL GOOD ! --- As often as that falls to my lot, I shall rejoice more abundantly ; with all the vanity of the creature about me ! --- firmly persuading myself, that I am co-operating with the intentions of PROVIDENCE--- which in our weak judgment are ever mysterious --- appearing to our short sight the meer effects of BOUNTIFUL ACCIDENT !

Lastly, if I am denied the blessing of giving ; may I never want the sensations of sympathy ! --- For to contemplate

plate the condition of others, are the only means by which I shall arrive at the knowledge of myself.

C H A P. XXXIII.

Journey from Brussels to Louvain.

WE returned to *Brussels* the same evening; having withstood an invitation of making a longer stay at the abbey --- and the next day, being Sunday, about two in the afternoon, we set forward in the diligence for *Louvain*.

That is a manner of travelling which I would recommend to all my itinerant readers---not because it is the cheapest; (a sufficient motive with some)---or the most expeditious; (tho' in that respect 'tis well enough --- to do them justice, they keep it up after the rate of about four miles an hour, and are sure

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sure to arrive within the time limited.)
—Nor on account of its ease will I recommend it— (that would be to mislead them) — for 'tis certainly the most uneasy as well as unsightly vehicle that ever was contrived.--The one I am speaking of, I judged to be about as long as a broad-wheeled waggon — and its appearance pretty much resembled that machine turned topsy-turvy.

But what reasonable man, considering himself as he ought to do—as a pilgrim and stranger; would quarrel with the roughness of the way, and the clattering of the wheels upon the pavement for a few hours? — when looking round he may see several happy countenances, in the same situation with himself—and is sure to meet with some who are both capable and willing to give him all the information he can desire.

‘ That

‘ That is the tower of *Mechlin*, which you see at about fifteen miles distance ’—said a reverend jesuit (and shut up his breviary, whilst he was pointing out the beauty of the prospect, which sufficiently displayed itself.)—I am much obliged to you father, said I—I fear my curiosity may have interrupted your devotions.—‘ Not at all, sir,’ returned the jesuit ‘ I have time enough for my exercises ’—— and presently opened his breviary again, and proceeded in silent prayer.

Monkish ignorance has been a proverbial expression for several centuries: — they appear to have been no less so in the days of *Erasmus*, than they were in the time of *Chaucer*—and I am of opinion that they are not a jot wiser in our enlightened days. — I would be understood to speak of the bulk of them—there are hundreds of illustrious examples to the contrary in all ages and coun-

countries.—And from what does it proceed think you?—From knowing too little, and believing too much.

Let any number of prejudiced, half-taught mortals, though of good natural abilities, separate themselves from the world, at any period of life—let them observe a rule for their own government; and thenceforward consider mankind, no further than their little society extends: let them debar themselves the freedom of inquiry—laying down postulates for some things, and taking others for granted:—let them exchange history, for tradition; and modes, for miracles:—my life on't! in less than seven years, they may vie with the most unlettered monks.—And this I take to be a fair deduction of *montish ignorance*—not that they are composed of more stupid stuff, than the rest of mankind.

A young bare-footed Carmelite, who sat opposite to me, having indulged me with some particulars relating to his dress, and the austerity of their rule; at last assured me, 'That the habit of their order, was the same in shape and make, in cloth and colour, with that of the prophet ELIJAH, their founder; who had never varied his habit, from the time that he was caught up in the fiery chariot, to this day.'—How, brother, said I—to this day!—Was he not then translated to heaven once for all?—'No, Sir; reply'd the young believer—he is still upon earth—ENOCH and ELIJAH are together—nor will they be translated to the mansions of bliss, 'till the final consummation of all things.'—This I confess appeared to be strange doctrine—still stranger, that it should be held an article of faith in their society.—One cannot but admire how they came by such sure, yet imperfect intelligence!--for upon asking him their di-

rection—He told me, ‘ he was not certain where they were to be found—God had concealed the place from mortal ken—but that they were unquestionably seated in some terrestrial paradise, prepared on purpose for them.’

If such articles are admitted into creeds, heaven help the unbelieving!

We arrived at *Louvain*, about six in the afternoon; and took up our quarters at the Wild Man (*L’Homme Sauvage*) opposite the great church—where we found a very obliging host in *Myn Heer ADAM*, and the best entertainment that could be desired.

The only diversion that evening afforded us, were the joint endeavours of an itinerant empiric, his party-coloured zany and rope-dancer; who were exhibiting their mummeries in the market-place by torch-light, to thousands of stupid stagers.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXIV.

*In proof that the Traveller made some short
Stay at Louvain.*

LOUVAIN, or LOVENS, the mother-city of BRABANT—from its agreeable situation, the salubrity of the air, the great number of ecclesiastic and civil antiquities; its learned societies and plentiful markets; its delightful environs and the courtesy of the inhabitants, cannot but invite the curious passenger to stop a little and look about him.

But surely it will not be expected that I should speak at large upon all these heads; each of which would be sufficient to fill half a dozen chapters?—In that case I shall never get to my journey's end.—I rather chuse, in pur-

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suance of my old plan, to touch only upon a few particulars, which happened to catch my eye and imprint some faint images upon my mind ; submitting the topographical and historical parts to be treated at large by future travellers of more abilities and industry than myself.

'Tis certainly a most unfair way of proceeding ; so to exhaust the subject, as to leave no harvest for others—and now-a-days, when we can fill a handsome folio with the history and antiquities of a second, or third-rate town ; in the name of patience ! what gleanings shall the poor labourer find ?—We must not approach with our sickles for, at least, a century, after such magnanimous reapers.

Well, they may cut and paste, and write away as fast as they can set pen to paper

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paper—We're not obliged to read all—that's some comfort.

Much has been already written of the past; and no doubt, much more might be said of the present state of this celebrated seat of learning; which, in number of colleges and students, surpasses both our famous universities.—I cannot precisely determine upon them—some reckon the former at threescore—others say, near fourscore (in which latter computation I apprehend they include the monasteries)—and the number of students is said to be about six thousand.—But it falls far short of the first of ours in point of antiquity; and for magnificence cannot be put in competition with either.

As it happened to be during the vacation when I was there, I had little opportunity of information; and daily experience shews us that the common

class of citizens are very deficient in pointing out, even within their own walls, such things as most excite the curiosity of strangers.—They must be as visible as *St. Peter's*, or the *Stadt-house* not to have been overlooked by one half of the inhabitants : — but we may easily spare them the trouble of informing us, that the first is a fine old church, and the latter deservedly numbered among the most beautiful remains of Gothic architecture. I am persuaded there are many to be found in all great and populous cities, who never saw their suburbs ; nor ever visited any but their own parish churches—neither is such supineness in the vulgar to be wondered at, since we frequently meet with men eminently learned in the wisdom of remotest antiquity, who are entirely uninterested in the monuments of their own country and the magnificence of their own time.

An

An intimate friend of mine, lately deceased, a man of fortune and of profound erudition, who spent most of his days in *London*, assured me not long before his death that he had never seen the inside of St. Paul's Cathedral; tho' I make no doubt but he must have passed by that superb structure more than a hundred times.—Another ingenious friend, now living, during two or three years residence in the heart of the city, has never been able to prevail upon himself to penetrate as far as the Tower:—The figure then of that royal arsenal with its contents, from whence the most distant shores are armed or intimidated with British thunder, must be unknown to him; nor has he any determinate notion of its situation, more than he has been able to learn from a map.

Neither of these instances are so singular as they seem at first sight—We

commonly neglect those things that are within our reach—the nearest objects are frequently the farthest from our consideration; and by how much the more interesting they appear, so much the more are they apt to be disregarded.

The refined classical critic conceives nothing truly so, that is not Greek or Roman—‘It is agreed on all hands, says he, that the middle ages were barbarous; and who so blind as not to observe the preposterousness of the present, when compared with the former?—The moderns have neither genius, taste, invention nor workmanship in comparison with the antients—Vile copiers at best.—Nor have we even such judges of their excellencies as we had heretofore—the last century indeed produced a plentiful crop of them—the preceeding still more—but in our days of dulness, continues he, I know

know of none but—myself and about half a score select friends.’

We are running down-hill at the devil of a rate, in the opinions of those gentlemen; who, unhappily, seldom do any thing themselves to stop our mistaken career! — The more unintelligible the matter by them to be deciphered, or useless the instruments to be found out; the greater is their glory: and how wide soever they may be of the true meaning; yet no one will dispute the infinite pains they have taken, and the consummate learning they have shewn. — With what fury will they not wage war in the most distant, barren, lost, or undescried countries, for insignificant trifles! — How intensely hot (as an ingenious modern observes) upon the coldest themes! — But where little opposition can be expected, such literary Quixots are pretty sure to carry the field. — One would be apt to think

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from the importance of their studies, and no less so of themselves, that schools and seminaries had been founded for no wiser purposes, than to fill the present times with learned conjectures upon the past.

But after all, this vacation had like to have been a terrible stroke upon me! — Adieu then, said I, to the ceremonies of schools, and the formalities of philosophers—the pomp of the MAGNIFICENT RECTOR, the prerogative of the chancellor, and the haughtiness of heads of houses — the pride of professors, the affectation of fellows, and the growing greatness of every puny gownsmen! — In such season of dissipation, I must have suffered a temporary mortification indeed; had I not previously laid down this principle, the truth of which is confirmed to me by every day's experience—to wit, That, in general, where great learning

learning is, there great ostentation will be also.

The reader is at liberty to suppose, that the traveller and company ran through several of the colleges, and the schools, upon the best information they could get:—The university library, which is by very few exceeded, deserves particular mention; and a few weeks residence there, would have enabled me to give a tolerable account of it.—The botanical garden boasts its thousands of native and exotic plants; though without the least pretension to grandeur or elegance; nevertheless in the richness of its contents, as I was informed, it may vie with most in Europe —A certain proof that utility is placed in the foremost rank by that illustrious body.

Being come to the anatomical theatre, it was our good fortune to meet

with Dr. S——T, the ingenious professor of surgery and anatomy, who was just arrived in town. — That gentleman's politeness and affability merits my warmest acknowledgments; and his many curious preparations, are abundant testimonies of his great application and profound skill in his profession. — But with all my veneration for his character, I could not help observing that, in his demonstrations, he laboured more upon the *Minutiae*, than the essential parts. — This, I apprehend, is a common mistake among the learned, as well as the unlearned: and may be thus accounted for — We are too apt to estimate things in proportion to the trouble they have given us.

Among other natural curiosities, this theatre exhibits a very extraordinary collection of human cadavers — A whole family of rogues, even to the third generation! — The grandfather, the

the father, two sons and a daughter!—their crimes are said to have been simple thieving—the juniors, it seems, as the most active, committed the thefts; and the seniors, as the most experienced, directed, received, and disposed of the same.—In former times, such a family, however prosperous, was thought a disgrace to any virtuous city:—and here in *Louvain*, it was judged necessary to break such a knot, and the most effectually, by extirpating them root and branch.—Four of them were publickly executed; but one of the young men escaped the halter, by dying in prison:—But that the memory of his iniquity might not perish, it was thought fit to add his carcase to the rest; that even in death they might not be divided.—They are said to have made a part of the university museum for about three hundred years! during which time they have suffered less change, save in colour, than could have

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have been expected ; their features being pretty intire and distinguishable at this day.

CHAP. XXXV.

A few more particulars concerning Louvain and its Environs.

‘TRAVELLERS, I have observed, said Mr. SOMEBODY, seldom content their readers.’—And yet every body reads us, said I.—‘ ’Tis very rare that you meet with what you wanted to find.’—How do I know what you are looking for?—‘ They are either too classical’—(You are unclassical) ‘ or too illiterate.’—You are too classical.—‘ They are tedious’—(you are trifling)—‘ or they are impertinent’—you are dull.—‘ They are critical’—(You are finical)—‘ or they are whimsical’—you are cynical.—The fault will always

ways lie on your side, take my word for't.

In short, Mr. SOMEBODY, as long as there are men, there will be a variety of tastes, of books, of readers—and shall not I have my share of the latter? presumes every modest author—since the worst of us, write as well as we can; and the best of you, judge only as you are capable.—But you sha'n't put me out of conceit with my endeavours to please the public, before I have hazarded their smiles; nor will I anticipate the mortification of having taken so much pains to no purpose.

I generally made it a rule to visit my fair countrywomen wherever I went—I mean such of them as could not have conferred that honour upon me, howsoever charitably disposed they had been.

Finding

Finding there were two English sisterhoods at *Louvain*, of the highest and the lowest orders — the happiest and the most unhappy ! (if chearful plenty is blessing, and meagre want and baleful melancholy a curse !) — the richest and the wretchedest tenants which that fair city boasts ! — I could not resist the painful curiosity of seeing them. — That of the *Canonesse*s is reckoned the most opulent English house in the *Netherlands* — that of the *Theresians* the poorest and most pitiable — Report speaks highly of, and perhaps may exaggerate, the riches of the former ; tho' appearances in every respect confirm that received opinion. — The great number of monumental inscriptions in their chapel, shew that some of the first English catholic families have been of their order, or nearly allied to those that were.

I had the pleasure of conversing with the lady prioress and some of her sister nuns, for about a quarter of an hour; and am now fully persuaded that by custom and society we may overcome many difficulties, which at first sight appear to be insuperable. — Confinement, which is certainly among the greatest, wears off of itself; and to the habit of women, which is more sedentary than ours, not so irreconcilable as we may imagine. — However, I would not be thought an advocate for that pernicious practice; nor should any consideration upon earth bribe me to make a wilful sacrifice of a daughter, a sister, or a niece, in the prime of life, to such unnatural love.

Now if affluence and the most refined female conversation, ought not to bewitch our daughters into this hateful celibacy—tell me, ye chaste stars!—what could tempt the unerring virgin:

virgin to associate with such melancholy spectres as these poor *Theresians* ? — These indeed shew *the steep and thorny way to heaven* ! — a road which nature shudders at — nor ever could have been pointed out by him, *whose service is perfect freedom—whose yoke is easy, and whose burden light* !

After all, were it not for the churches and monasteries, I have often thought that many of my countrymen must pass their hours but dully, amidst the solemn stillness of *Louvain* ; in vacation-time more especially :—I would therefore advise such as have but little taste for paintings, still less for ceremonies, and that regard societies who have cut themselves off from the commerce of the gay and busy world, as being no longer any part of the world ; not to squander their precious moments here ; but to order post-horses immediately,

diately, and make the best of their way to *Spa*.

One might naturally have expected to have found some further entertainment among the shops of booksellers in so eminent an university.—Nothing, upon my reputation! but civil and canon law, and school-divinity.—I am obliged to you, *Myn Heer Van Overbeek*, said I; but those won't do for Englishmen and protestants.

Our most distinguished walks were to *Heverle* castle, belonging to the duke D'AREMBERG, the convent of *Celestines*, in the same neighbourhood, and to the *Norbertine* abbey of *Parc*—the most distant being within two miles of the city.

By the favour of his Grace's steward we were admitted into the castle, and saw all that remains of that stately building

ing—The greatest part having been consumed by fire a few years ago, the remainder has been lately converted into a hunting seat.—The principal front however escaped the flames, and by contracting the apartments, there are still lodgings for two or three hundred people.—But that lord who boasts so many castles, may easily bear the curtailing of one, if his philosophy keeps pace, as it is presumed it does, with the rest of his princely virtues.

The convent of *Celestines*, founded by one of the DE CROY's, duke of AÛSCHOT (but whether by *William*, surnamed the Wise; the governor and chief favourite of the emperor CHARLES V. I will not take upon me to determine) seems to be much upon the decline—its antient splendor is worn out—its former magnificence become rusty—there is an appearance of premature ruin, from the want of necessary repair and beautifying.
That

That same *William*, I well remember, stands charged in history with insatiable avarice.—Can it be then that his piety raised a superstructure, which his parsimony would not suffer him to have upheld?—'Tis possible;—and yet, methinks, the church is of an earlier date.

But piety is not the only motive for erecting churches—funebrial pomp may also have a share; they serving for the most part as mausoleums of their founders; as in the one before us, where many of that princely family, descended from the antient kings of *Hungary*, sleep with their faces upwards, in all the pride of sculpture.

Here a reverend hoary-headed monk, with standing tears of tenderest compassion, importuned me much concerning the disposition of our king, particularly towards the roman catholics; and seemed perfectly easy, when I assured

assured him, that the HEART of our present SOVEREIGN was HUMANITY itself, and that persecution for conscience sake, was no doctrine of the church of England.

I shall say little of the abbey of *Parc*, having already spoken of the one at *Ninove*, of the same order—but cannot help remarking, that its situation is delightful, and its buildings magnificent. —Those who are fond of painted glass, which is a favourite object of mine, will find a very beautiful collection in the cloister of that abbey, representing the life of St. *Norbert*, their founder.

Before I quit *Louvain*, I beg leave to add, that the Wednesday's market (notwithstanding vacation) furnished as great a prospect of plenty, as I remember to have seen any where. —
Flesh,

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Flesh, fowl, fish, fruits—game in great abundance — Toys and trinkets by wholesale—Apparel enough to cloath a province— Books in barrowfuls and cartloads of wooden shoes !

Upon turning over some of my Flemish inn-keepers bills, I find upon the back of *Myn Heer Adam's*, the following minute —

MEMORANDUM, this 24th day of September 1766. *Bought in Louvain Market, FOURTEEN PEACHES for one HALFPENNY !*

Would to Heaven that I had been as exact in all things !

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXVI.

An Apology for Wooden Shoes.

‘**H**AVE a care! Mr. Traveller—
for now thou’rt on a pre-
cipice from whence ’tis odds if thou
escapest!’——

Where’s the danger?

‘O thou purblind pilgrim!—to
whom art thou writing?’

To men.

‘Insensible to the last degree!—he
understands me not!—Are they not
Britons, and art not thou a Briton?—
What then can they have to do with
the subject of this chapter?—a subject
which every free-born Briton holds in
just derision, contempt, abhorrence!’

Away,

Away with such impertinence! and let me cheapen this honest man's wooden-shoes—How much a pair friend?

“What sort? what size?”

O, all sorts and sizes, from the pig-mie to the colossian—You seem to have a fine parcel!

“Yes, Heaven be praised! there's no want of shoes in this country.”

Such as they are ———

“I believe no place affords better, nor cheaper—from two-pence to seven-pence a pair.”

And pray now, honest friend, can people walk with them?

“Was there ever such a foolish question?—why don't you see thou-

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sands in the market that wear no other?

—Walk with them, quotha!—ay, and run with them, and dance with them too!”

Are they warm?

“Far more so than yours.”

Are they light?

“Much lighter, I’m told, than ploughmen’s shoes in *England*, and full as pliant.”

Are they lasting?

“You cannot easily wear them out; and only keep them from breaking, and they will last a long while.”

What a comfort and blessing to the poor! —

The

‘ The comfort of wooden shoes ? ridiculous !—What a blessing to the poor ?—I shall burst with indignation !—Will you not give over yet ? ’——

Let me see—why then for about half a crown, a man may shoe himself, his wife, and half a dozen sturdy children for several months together——

‘ May trammel them ! may fetter them ! you mean ’——

How can that be ? when you hear they can dance in them ——

‘ And so they might in chains !—and where’s the difference ? ’

The difference is obvious in my sense — the one implies restraint from a forfeiture of liberty ; the other shews freedom and protection,

‘ Freedom in wooden shoes?—preposterous!’

As preposterous as it may appear to you, I think it very evident that these people are free to wear others whenever they can afford it: — In the mean time they are protected from the common injuries, which I should suppose attends bare-footed poverty; and are more capable of labour, than if they wore shammy, or dog-skin.— Use makes them full as easy, and the small expence brings them within the compas of the poorest husbandman.——Humanity pleads strongly in their favour, and reproaches us with having a more tender concern for our cattle, than for many of our own species; since horses, oxen and even asses that labour are taken care of in that regard; the worth of the beast, depending, in a great measure, upon the preservation of its feet.——

‘ But

‘ But what has this to do with *Britain* ? ’

Your pardon—it has to do with *Britain*, or I should not have introduced it.

‘ The man is absolutely mad ! ’

I am not mad, though you are ignorant ; and a stranger even in your own country——

Know then, that in the northern part of this loved island, where property is so partially divided that all are lords, or beggars ; shoes are almost as scarce as parishes — at least one may venture to affirm that in many, nineteen go bare-footed, for one that is well shod—and even in their august capital and gallant port of *Leith*, the number of wretched *Carmelites* that

are to be seen is piteous, is shocking!
—Would it not therefore be an act of
greatest charity ———

‘ Would you sow sedition among
them ? ’ ———

By introducing shoes ?

‘ You’d raise another rebellion ! ’

By giving them shoes ?

‘ Will you still insist upon it ? ’

I don’t insist upon any thing — I
would only insinuate that, according to
my judgment, wooden shoes are better
than no shoes at all.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXVII.

Of assumed Characters and Sham-Titles.

WHAT shall I say of the water-passage from *Louvain* to *Mechlin*, more than I have already said of those between *Ostende* and *Bruges*; and *Bruges* and *Ghent*?—which is, that to such as perfectly consult their ease, 'tis the most delightful way of travelling in the world.

Now to the subject of my chapter—

Nothing gives me greater disgust than assumed characters, sham titles, and, in fine, every species of false appearance.—I hinted somewhat of this in one of my chapters of *Brussels*; and here, in the *Louvain-barge* I have met with fresh cause to vent my spleen.

So particularly nice am I in this respect, that I can hardly bear a cheese-monger's laced hat upon a Sunday—but a ship-chandler's bag-wig and sword at *Redriff*-assembly, are my aversion!—

If an Inn-keeper chuses to keep a stud; he has my free leave—'tis no way out of character—he may profit by it in a double sense, and learn to make matches, as well as reckonings:—his customers approve of it, and call him a clever fellow for his pains—he may come in time to be a worthy member of the *Jockey-Club*.

So if a pickpocket noses a peer upon the turf, with, 'Six to four *ughin* your lordship, and I say done first!'—What's that to me, if his lordship takes no offence?—But upon the ruffian's success in his bet, and his roaring out 'Mine, by G—d! — There! there! there!—
my

my lord ! my lord ! my lord !—in the same unmannerly tone, as if the scoundrel was hooting deformity—that I approve of : — 'tis an admirable lesson !—and his lordship may be in consequence, sooner or later, more choice of his company.

But if peers will occasionally mix with pickpockets ; no wonder that pickpockets endeavour sometimes to pass for peers.

‘ Pray, fir,’ said father *Lucianus* of *Oudenarde* to me, as we were standing upon the deck, and were got about half way on our passage from *Louvain* to *Mechlin*—We had been talking together about a variety of other things below in the cabin, in concert with another Capucin.—

This father *Lucianus* appeared to me to be a plain simple Monk ; and there-

fore most liable to be imposed upon.—

When I say *simple*, I would be understood in the primitive sense of the word

—I mean the simplicity of his heart; for that was as evident, as were the roughness of his cheeks, the bushyness of his beard, and the prominency of his paunch.

‘ Pray, said father *Lucianus*, are you acquainted with my lord P—— ? ’

—My lord P—— ! said I, recollecting myself—there is no such lord.

—‘ Indeed but there is,’ said the father.—Indeed but there is not, said I.

—Capucins carry no money, or we should certainly have had a bet upon it.

—‘ There may be such a lord, said the father, and you not know it.’—

That I deny, was my answer.—What sort of a man is he ?—‘ Why he is —’ and so described him.

I have heard so much of that person formerly, said I, that I bless my stars.

I

I am not acquainted with him!—but the latter part I muttered to myself, as unwilling to give offence.—‘And is he not an English lord?’ said the father.—‘He an English lord!’ said I—(turning my face aside, that he might not perceive the sneer upon it)—‘What, not an English peer?’ said the Monk.—‘He an English peer,’ said I, with marks of detestation in my countenance—for I could no longer contain myself!—I could find out, thought I, three or four titles, and each beginning with a P, that would suit his ~~sham~~ excellence far better than that which he has assumed.

‘Once for all, said the father, he is a lord, as sure as you are a gentleman!’—Once for all, returned I, he is no more a peer, than your reverence is a Pope!—I will appeal to that gentleman—(pointing to a man of fashion who was sitting in the steerage) who from his rank in life and residence in
this.

this part of the country, may be presumed to be a better judge of living characters, than your reverence, who profess to have abandoned the world.—

‘With all my heart,’ said father Lucianus.

We appeared before the arbiter; who pronounced his judgment in these remarkable words—‘*Monsieur P——, un milord ? —Par D—— ! Il lui manque bien quatre pouces de hauteur d’un milord Anglois !*’—Is your reverence satisfied ? —‘I am, said he—*mais, cependant, c’est un brave homme.*’

Having got rid of this dirty subject, the good father and I, with his brother Monk, jogged on very sociably to Mechlin, talking upon different matters.—Before we parted, which was at the gate of the Capucins convent, he invited my companion and me to breakfast there the next morning—‘and tho’ he

was

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was but a visitor, he assured us, the superior would make us very welcome.
—His invitation was acceptable.—

Here we exchanged bows and *benedictes* with the good fathers, and betook ourselves to our inn, the *St. James*, or pilgrim, in the corn-market.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

The Traveller breakfasts with the Capucins of Mechlin.

MY companion and I were true to our appointment at the Capucins convent at breakfast. — Seven in the morning was the hour. — Upon my word! an early breakfasting hour at the latter end of the month of September.

Yet those who are beforehand with the lark, in blessing the rising day—who
shake

shake off sleep, 'ere vain and busy worldlings go to slumber—who patiently endure all wants, yet suffer none—who rise at two, to chaunt their Maker's praise ; and piously place to the account of an all-gracious and all-merciful Being, those stripes which they inflict upon themselves—may surely be indulged in a light breakfast at seven, without any reflection upon their rule.

They shall never be charged with voluptuousness by me, for quenching their thirsty throats with a few dishes of weak tea—sweetened with a little lump of sugar-candy, so tenacious as not to be totally dissolved in the first, second, or third cup—and this served in the plainest manner, without cream, or milk, or the smallest particle to eat.—For Heaven's sake ! what would you desire less to support the human frame ?

My

My companion stared!—and well he might, for he had never been in such company before:—they looked formidable enough in the street, in his eyes; and let me tell you, to be shut up in a room with ten, or a dozen of them, for the first time, is no agreeable novelty.

To the superstitiously-zealous in their own way, they would shew like a company of saints—to the timidly-superstitious in another, they would seem a company of necromancers—but to the liberal-minded, devoid of either superstition, they must appear like a company of madmen.

I confess I could not help looking round me several times—but from a meer carnal motive.—It was to satisfy myself from what quarter the bread and butter was to come.—From no quarter at all—so we sipped up our tea and returned thanks to father guardian for his kind entertainment.

Father

Father *Bonaventure*, the superior, or guardian as he is called (and one of the most exemplary characters alive, if report speaks truth of him) entertained us with a degree of partiality to our country ; in grateful remembrance of kindnesses, which he had received from several of our countrymen ; in particular from Sir J—— P——, the late British minister at *Brussels*, the father himself, as he informed us, residing there at that time—as also because he had some knowledge of the English tongue.—I understood he was a man of fashion ; and indeed his manners in every respect confirmed it.

His first application to our language, was for the spiritual comfort of a poor dying English catholic soldier, who could not depart in peace without confession ; and there was no confessor in the place but himself.—He attempted and succeeded sufficiently in a short time.

You

You are to understand, that the capucins are the only champions in the day of desolation—when death deals his wrath upon thousands, within the compass of a few hours.—All other orders dread the din of war ; and fly, like seculars, with laic cowardice, the rot of pestilence and rage of famine.—These nobly brave the field, for the souls-sake of those that remain behind, survive the visitation, or perish in their duty.

This is a true character of the capucins — who are also indefatigable in preaching, in visiting the sick, and other acts of mercy ; and who attend to more confessions than all the rest of the societies put together.—This naturally begets in the populace a great veneration for their order ; by whom they are justly esteemed, with respect to others, the forlorn hope of the church-militant.

Our

Our breakfast with the Capucins, before recited, together with a good dinner at the ordinary, enabled us to pass a very comfortable day at *Mechlin*—one of the politest, the neatest and most agreeable cities in the *Netherlands*.

C H A P. XXXIX.

A very singular Character.

THOSE who from their situation and inability, cannot promote the cause of virtue in any eminent degree; may in some measure serve it by reciting the examples of others; and trumpeting the praises of her more elevated votaries — no matter in what sphere they shine, what stations they dignify, or what communion they grace.

Trans-

Transcendant virtue is exalted far above external pomp, and rite, and custom; and smiles indignant at all the vulgar distinctions of Jew and Heathen; Greek and Turk; Roman and Briton; Jesuit and Jansenist; High-Churchman and Quaker.

And so much by way of prologue, or apology for the sketch which I am going to give of the present Archbishop of *Mechlin* and Abbot of *Affligem*—The BENSON, or BUTLER of the *Netherlands*—A prince of most amiable qualities, besitting any high station; but more particularly and happily adapted to that which he now fills.

I had taken a good deal of notice of his picture, which is hung up in the refectory of the monks of *Affligem*, and was much pleased with the resemblance—a countenance, more inclined to the melancholy than the sanguine—a
cast

cast of feature, not unlike that of our great *Boyle*; which is a favourite portrait of mine, and one that I think cannot be consider'd, without concluding that he who sat for it must have been a good man.

This upright arch-prelate, they say, is of opinion that his greatness is no exemption to him from exercising the rites of his sacred function; and is so far from shutting himself up within the narrow confine of a fancied self-importance; like a singular cross, or any other choice spectacle, which is only to be exhibited upon certain high-days and holidays; that he is continually employed in acts of devotion and munificence; of humility and free communication; in admonishing his clergy, for their own honour, and for the good of those who are entrusted to their care; in visiting the monks of his abbey, or the poor capucins of
Mechlin,

Mechlin, in whose fruit and kitchen-garden he finds more solace than in his own lawns and parterres.

By every individual in his diocese he is revered as their one pastor and father; and revered as their common friend and benefactor.

To every citizen of *Mechlin* he is not only personally known, but intimately acquainted with the condition and circumstances of the family—can call the poorest man by his name, and enquire after his wife *Mary*, and his son *Peter*.

Four times a year he visits the poor and the helpless; the lame and the blind, and administers the sacrament to each in their several hovels, or garrets with his own hand.

This

This last instance of his extensive charity might be very easily dispensed with—but it seems, as yet, he has not been able to dispense with it himself.

This excellent person, as I am inform'd, is not yet forty years of age—he is by birth, a German, and by quality, a count; but I have forgot the name of his house.

Can it be wondered that such a prince of bishops should be universally admired, beloved!—and would it not be almost pardonable, if some estates of human ignorance, should sink into an idolatrous worship of such a character?

But I beg pardon—'For what?—Where's the offence?'

I own 'tis a favourite topic, and might be enlarged—but since only a slight sketch was proposed—by which I hope the reader may so far profit, as to be satisfied that the brightest examples of primitive virtue are still to be seen, even in this degenerate age, if people will but take the pains to look about 'em.

Blush ! pluralists, blush !—Ye who have already larger flocks than ye can tend !——

But what's that to me ?—I'll stick to my drawing.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

Containing some Mortifications which the Traveller underwent, in his Journey to, and upon his Arrival at Antwerp—with unexpected Reflections.

WE proceeded from *Mechlin* to *Antwerp* in the diligence—but therein, our attention to the pleasant rout, as well as to the rest of the company, was much interrupted by the most impertinent, itinerant jackanapes I ever met with—who called himself a doctor.—A doctor quotha!—the devil take such doctors!

Yes, a doctor!—and sworn physician (as he informed us) to most of the sovereign princes in Europe.—They must be the crowned heads of a royal collection of wax-work then, thought I to myself.

Nothing

Nothing could stand in competition with that fellow's impudence, but his ignorance; nor any thing match his ignorance, but his impudence.—He had a smattering of many tongues, but no language—a title to several cities, but no one would have owned him—an affectation of many characters, in the variety of which he had lost his own.—He would sing, without being intreated—and laugh, till he cracked the drum of your ear—and tell stories, till you wished him dumb.—In his short intervals of sleep, his snoring was hideous—yet you could not but dread his waking, from the apprehension of being poisoned by his beastly belchings.—If he had any pretension to humour, it was in taking off the mendicant preachers—but even there his irreverence shocked, more than his mimicry pleased—and his unseasonable jests upon fortuitous, or voluntary poverty

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clearly evinced, that human misery was the prime object of his mirth.

His true character, I am fully persuaded, was that of a conjuring, leger-demain-quack—one who dispenses his drops and his salves to the gaping multitude in the morning, and shews his hocus-pocus tricks, and plays his puppets to them in the evening.

But there was no possibility of getting rid of him—we were therefore constrained to suffer his nauseous company till we got to *Antwerp*.

Here a far greater mortification succeeded—for upon our arrival at that stately city, my friend and fellow pilgrim; the polite companion of my journey from *London*, and hitherto the pleasing associate in all my *Flemish* occurrences, declared to me his intention
of

of returning in the most expeditious manner.

‘ My time is expired, my dear CORIAT ! said he, and my affairs call me home :—But I would have you proceed a little further in your ingenious remarks.—When you return, to rejoice me with the rest of your friends, I must intreat you to recollect the most material—and if you can find such a thing as an honest bookseller, my advice will be to publish them by all means.—For however ungratefully the present age may requite such services ; who knows but that posterity may thankfully accept them, and raise a pillar of affection to the pious author.’

So saying, he began to prepare for his journey back to *England*, by the way of *Rotterdam*.

It would have been fruitless to have attempted to alter his resolution, which I knew to be fixed.—He had already exceeded the limitation of absence, which he had set himself beforehand; and if he was all along silent upon that head, it was because he would not lessen the pleasure which he was sensible I enjoyed, till within a few hours of his departure.—His consideration, you find, was great, tho' his resolves were absolute.—His curiosity was at least equal to mine; but he knew better how far it ought to be indulged.—Had I vainly conceited that I had more fire than my companion; it was also evident to me that he had more fortitude.—Admitting that I had now and then expressed more fancy; yet how insignificant was that, compared with the superior firmness of mind, which he had shewn upon every occasion?

Two days after, my kind companion, my constant friend, who had equally doubled the pleasure, and diminished the toil of my travel—left me.—

We had been ever of one mind, during our short perigrination—of dispositions happily suited to each other—alike conformable to ourselves and to strangers—alike pleased and displeased, with objects of delight and disgust.—Two days after, he left me!—I have now lost one half of myself! said I.

Those little anecdotes of private friendship, however uninteresting to the generality, may nevertheless have a sensible influence upon some future itinerant companions.—They may call to their remembrance the advice of the patriarch, to his departing brethren—*See that ye fall not out by the way!*

C H A P. XLI.

An Instance of the wonderful Efficacy of Ceremonies ; with other Matters no less worthy.

MY friend had left me at a time when, for his own sake, I desired his company most—for he had never seen any grand annual procession ; and the day following produced a very remarkable one—commemorating a fatal æra indeed !—namely, that of the SWEATING-SICKNESS—which formerly raged with great violence in *Brabant*, as well as in other regions :—But by the seasonable application of processions and other church-ceremonies, as it is recorded, the plague ceased.

About

About one third of the inhabitants of *Antwerp* assisted at the solemnity—the rest were admiring spectators:—The religious orders, with their particular banners; the trades, with their several pageants and chaplains at their heads; the magistrates, with their ensigns of authority; the secular clergy, still nearest to the throne of grace; the high-priest for the day, bearing the transubstantiated wafer—the whole interspersed with a great number of volunteer taper-bearers—and lastly, the penitents, who closed the solemn parade.

After high mass in the great church, the regulars were marshalled in the choir, from whence the procession issued, and in slow march made a circuit of a great part of the city, during two hours.—But one ridiculous circumstance fell out; which hardly any body there could be struck with but myself—

R 4

You

You must know that the music of bells in that country, is not effected by the vulgar tintinnabular art of pulling ropes; but they are played upon by musical bellmen:—One of whom I thought a little unfortunate in his choice on so solemn an occasion——Would you believe it?—the chosen air from a certain steeple, was a celebrated English hornpipe! — It would have been highly unseasonable in me at such a time, either to have indulged mirth, or to have fallen a dancing; tho' there was sufficient provocation for both:—I could hardly keep my feet still—and I could hardly forbear laughing.

The mixture of serious and farce in ceremonies, might well be wondered at; was it not uniformly kept up in private life and conversation among bigots.—In one of the nuns gardens at *Antwerp*, I remember to have met with
statues

statues of saints, and statues of scar-
mouches.

With what reverence, and at the same time how irreverently some ignorant bigots treat the most exalted subjects!—I met with one instance which may serve my purpose as well as a hundred.—For the lowness of the matter, I am almost ashamed to give it place; and yet in proof, I could not wish to have a stronger.

Walking one day in the *Dominicans Calvary* at *Antwerp*, which is visited by all strangers and frequented by many devotees—a small consecrated spot set apart for divine love and purest contemplation—to inflame the mind with the memory of the chosen servants of God; patriarchs, prophets and apostles—whose numerous statues, executed by the first sculptors of this country, croud the little inclosure—but more especially

to beget a reverential awe for the sufferings of the Son of Man, who is there exalted upon the cross—Death and Hell being beneath him!—*Here's room for meditation!*

I say walking there one day—three of the queen's soldiers entered, who behaved with great decency, as they always do—These men having put up their petitions, seemingly with great fervency, rose from their knees, and began to look critically about them.—They spoke French.—One of them who had travelled farther than his companions (who were wrapt in admiration of the place) acknowledged it to be very fine, but not to be compared with the calvary at *Prague* which he had seen.

Alas! how poor are seemingly great things by comparison!—'Is the calvary at *Prague* so much finer?' said the other.—*Par D—!* reply'd the first, *il se fou—t bien*.

bien le pied au cul de celui la! — An English, or an Irish catholic soldier who had seen both, in running the comparison, would have said, *beats his a—e off.*

The next day, being the feast of St. Michael, was a gala day indeed, at the Norbertine abbey dedicated to that saint. — Here the abbot assisted at high mass, in more than princely magnificence!

How paultry are civil rites, when put in competition with church ceremonies! — What pitiful things are thrones, compared with altars! — The greatest being on this side Heaven, in my poor persuasion, is a pope, a cardinal, a bishop, or a mitred abbot in his *pontificalibus!*

There were other high festivals in Antwerp during my sojourn there;

particularly those of St. *Francis* and the blessed Rosary—the former sacred to the numerous orders who claim a merit in that holy hermit—the latter a day of much exultation among the *Dominicans*, as having been instituted by St. *Dominic* their founder.

But although I was present at those solemnities, yet I purposely avoid particularizing them—lest it might be expected that I should set them in a ridiculous light, for the diversion of one part of my christian readers; and because I am aware it would be no less a mortification to another part of them:—neither do I find myself disposed at this time to be over and above ludicrous upon so serious a concern, as that on which thousands of well-meaning mortals rest their everlasting welfare.

I have simply attempted to make mankind better: however weak my efforts to that end—but I shall not endeavour to make them less superstitious—that were a weak attempt indeed!

C H A P. XLII.

Which to some Mawkish Readers will appear full of Insipidity.

WHY should we travellers overlook the rising generation, and for the most part pass them by in silence? — 'Tis no news to tell the reader, that they are, what we have been; and that they will be what we now are--whether better or worse depends at present upon their governors, and in future upon themselves.

As a lover of mankind, and the father of a family, I am particularly interested in their well-being; and to behold

hold a number of children-decent, orderly, well-bred, of growing virtues and promising abilities, such as are to be met with in every city in *Flanders* and *Brabant*, reflects great honour upon their parents and instructors, and cannot fail to give pleasure to strangers.

Improper language among them is totally forbid; passions are lulled by mutual kindnesses; resentments are not carried to extremes; differences are accomodated by their superiors, and very rarely end in black eyes and bloody noses—Their exercises and diversions are in general less violent and inflammatory than with us; and when they are apprenticed to the trade of war, it is thought time enough for them to learn to fight.

Among other childish amusements, I was vastly taken with the innocent and common one of flying birds:—almost

most every boy has his tame sparrow, or linnet, and his perch—the bird is let off with a thread, and with a whistle or of his own accord returns to the perch again—both parties appear perfectly happy, insomuch that 'tis difficult to say which is most pleased.

'Tis true this kind of entertainment commonly ends in the destruction of the nurselings; by cramming, over-fatiguing, or carelessly leaving them to merciless grimalkin:—But then the sorrow that succeeds the loss, is more than enough to wash away the guilt of inconsideration!—and who knows but that such grief may make a lasting impression;—may be the constant, though unconscious prelude to tenderest compassion;—and that the future manly breast may never thereafter be steeled against another's misfortune?

Could

Could we trace the effect from so slight a cause ; I should venture to conclude that the heart cannot be softened too early.

I confess I have stopt frequently to gaze at, and enjoy this boyish pastime — and in my own mind preferred it to spitting beetles, drowning kittens, hanging dogs, fighting cocks, hunting ducks ; and even to the more harmless diversion of cat-and-platter.

But I shall betray myself—and the discerning reader will find out, that I want spirit for great actions.

C H A P.

C H A P. XLIII.

*Of that particular Character which is
commonly distinguished by the Title of
Travelling-Governor.*

THERE happened to be lodged at our inn, namely the *Grand Laboureur* (which I take to be another title for *HERCULES*) in the *Place de Mer*, a young nobleman of France, attended by his governor.

Without that accident I should certainly have spared myself this chapter altogether:—though I am clearly of opinion that much good and fresh matter might be started upon the subject.—But unfortunately the reader has been all along apprized of my intention; and unless I turn very concise indeed, I find that 'twill be impossible
to

to bring all my materials, within the proposed limitation.

The lordling appeared to be about sixteen years old—and his tutor was, as I judged, about my own age—a little turned of forty.—The reason why I am so particular as to their age; is to shew how much the raw inexperience of sixteen, must stand in need of the experienced gravity of forty.

If the pupil had been five or six years older, it would not have signified much, even tho' the tutor had been ten years younger..

There is as much propriety requisite in coupling the ages at one time of life, as the sexes at another;—but the great art of chusing men, is a secret known but to a few—practised by still fewer.

So

So if the lordling had been only of the tender age of eleven or twelve — in that case the governor would have wanted full twenty years to have qualified him for a nurse's place.

With these I associated frequently for some three, or four days — we commonly dined together, and often visited the churches and monasteries of that superb city.

The noble pupil, added to the easy politeness of the high-born of his country, had much more taste and curiosity about him, than might have been expected — from whence I concluded that the former part of his time had not been entirely portioned out among fidlers, dancing-masters and *maitres-de-jeu* — and the governor's attention was always awake to animate and improve them. — The paintings and sculptures of *Antwerp* display a large field for the lovers

lovers of art—and if the preceptor was liberal in communicating, the pupil was no less eager to learn.—It was evident that there was a proper authority lodged in the one; and a becoming deference in the disposition of the other, was full as apparent—but both were free and unrestrained.

If there was no servile adulation on the part of the governor; it might be that he was actuated more by principle, than motives of interest; independent of future church or state-preferment — and if no tiresome disgust appeared in the pupil, it was because he considered the other more as an improving companion, than as a rigid guide.

The governor would not have abandoned his charge for a single hour, upon any consideration — the pupil would have thought it a tedious hour, if spent in any company without the presence of his friend. The

The preceptor had certainly the art of instructing by example, and polite insinuation:—But some people neglecting every requisite of address and engaging behaviour, vainly imagine, that to be able to instruct others, 'tis sufficient to be unmannerly learned themselves.

C H A P. XLIV.

A few remarks upon Antwerp ; with some of the author's reasons for not attempting a finished book of travels.

THE magnificence of ANTWERP is solid, and built upon the best and surest foundation : —It consists not only of stately edifices both public and private, but in the substantial riches of many of its inhabitants—as also in superb cabinets and splendid equipages.—There are no false colours hung out here—
nor

nor any who keep up an appearance of grandeur, but such as are of known rank and of sufficient fortune to support it.

It is well known that the *Antwerpians* have no longer any trade—but from the vast treasures which formerly flowed in upon them, few are so well enabled to carry on the business of exchange; in which beneficial branch of commerce, great sums are transacted, and with more ease, as it is said, than even in trading cities.

The most wealthy, and those who are possessed of cabinets, stand charged by travellers with shyness to strangers, and an excessive love of retirement:—the first, I apprehend, may be owing to the great number of impertinents which they have been pestered with, and the abuses by them committed:—the latter from the sober rule of life adopted here
—Their

—their hours of table, of recreation and of rest being very unlike what is practised with us.

Nothing is more prevalent than fashion, whether good or bad ; and what we usually call regularity, depends in a great measure, upon the customary allotment of the twenty-four hours. — Midnight in *London*, or *Paris*, among the fashionable and the dissolute, is full as chearful as mid-day : — but in *Antwerp* it is quite otherwise ; where to be irregular, is to be unfashionable.

The markets here are well supplied —there is great abundance and at reasonable rates—which must be the case in every fertile country, under proper regulation.

Beggars, notwithstanding, abound in this wealthy city, as in most other towns of *Brabant* and *Flanders* ; but

a set of wretches distinguished among us by the name of *black-guards*, are nowhere to be found in those provinces.

—To the church, I apprehend, is greatly owing the toleration of the former; and to the vigilance of the magistracy, the prevention of the latter.

I was much pleased with the good order and regularity of one of their village-fairs, which was opened with solemn church-service, and a procession, in honour of the saint to whom the church was dedicated.—The origin of fairs, in the opinion of our learned antiquary *Sir Henry Spelman*, is derived from the anniversaries of the dedications of churches—This may serve somewhat to illustrate that authority.—No wonder then that such commencement in devotion, should continue in civil mirth, and terminate in decency.

But

But I perceive there's no working to any purpose, without good materials; and in my opinion 'tis impossible to make a finished book of travels, without the joint labours of a number who have gone the same road before us.—I will appeal to some two, or three, or half a dozen of the gentlemen themselves—in whose toilsome travellings and painful peregrinations you will be sure to find the same quaint remarks—the same dull descriptions of the same objects—insomuch that one would be almost tempted to believe they had been of the same party—or that each had revised the works of his brother-pilgrim.

I fancy I have discovered this grand secret.—Most of them, depend upon't, had read the same guides thro' the same places:—after their return, I presume—for it is pretty evident they had not always time to read them upon the spot.

I'm sure I read my GUIDE D'AW-
VERS thro' and thro' upon the spot—
and ran about here and there, wherever
he ordered me;—but then I must in-
form you that it took me up eleven
days; tho' it is but a very little book
—yet it contains a description of all the
public buildings and curiosities, begin-
ning with the cathedral, or church of
our lady; and ending with the concert-
room.

This little book translated and swel-
led with commentary, might have made
a much larger book.—But setting the
little book aside (for there would have
been no occasion to mention it all)—
Why not have taken the marrow, and
brought it in proof of my own industry?
—Who would have doubted, or who
would have been at the pains to detect
the fraud?

‘What

'What marvellous industry! cries one—Consummate genius! says another—Who would have thought it? says another—so full!—so indefatigable!—He must have had no time for food, or sleep—and ten to one but it throws him into a galloping consumption!—Why he knows every street, every building, every picture, every statue; full as well as the planner, the paviour, the architect, the painter, the sculptor! Well, 'tis prodigious! says the first—once more, Who would have thought it?'

Vile book-making! say I—I detest it!

'But why not favour us with a few of those numerous curiosities, which would have cost you so little trouble?'

Because they are all to be found in the *little book*; which you may buy at every shop for two or three *schillings*.

C H A P. XLV.

*The Traveller visits Rubens's House—
thence follow some Reflections upon Artists,
Cabinets and Connoisseurship.*

I Had patroled before the gate several times—and was as often possessed with a certain reverence for superior talents.—Here once lived RUBENS, thought I—creative RUBENS!—Within these walls once flourished the man, whose fame shall never die!

ANTWERP had formerly acquired a trade, which rendered her the pride of her neighbouring provinces, and drew upon her the envy of all EUROPE!—That trade she lost—lost irrecoverably!

She

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She afterwards gained an artist; whose works are now her pride, and still preserve her an object of general envy, though in a different kind.

People still flock to ANTWERP—and for what? to visit the remains of RUBENS—no other errand.—Not because she was once the first *emporium* of commerce—the lightening-column of navigation to all the world, and had extended her trade beyond what any other city could boast before her.—Those days are past—we can only read now that such and such things were formerly transacted there; and we believe them true from many circumstances.—But here's conviction—here's speaking canvas for you!

RUBENS was, is now, and will continue her living, lasting fame!

Prodigious! — that one man's memory and good works, should attract more than the numberless monuments of thrift, the foundations of families, and the remembrance that millions were once gained there by barter!

Learn from this example, ye sons of affluence! to cherish superior talents — if not for your own, it may be for your country's good in future time.

I set out with saying, *I had patroled before the gate several times* — where there was nothing to be seen: — but one day, the present possessor, *De Heer B——* perceiving my attention without, very cordially invited me in. — Here also there was little to be seen; for the house was full of workmen, who were considerably enlarging and beautifying the premises, and the pictures were all taken down. — However I had the satisfaction of seeing some of the
apart-

apartments which the great artist had contrived — of walking in the garden which he had planned, and viewing some of the statues which he loved.

The academy of painting I visited no doubt—and according to custom, you may be sure, squatted myself down in RUBENS's chair.—I was pleased with the conceit of finding it made a part of the exchange, by being situated over it.—Commerce and arts should ever be united.

I was not so fortunate as to be introduced to any first-rate artists in that city.—I suspect they are but thinly sown.—The most extraordinary one I heard of (who, by the by, is no artist, but a very singular copier) is one ANTHONY VAN OVERLAET, a baker (*dessinateur sans Maître*, as he is called) — many of whose works I saw. He takes off all subjects, and all manners as near as pos-

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fible, in pen and ink; which he executes inimitably, and is doubtless the first *fac simile* man in EUROPE.—They may now boast their BAKER, as formerly they did their BLACKSMITH.

‘ Pray, *Monsieur CORIAT LE JEUNE* ’ (he had learnt my name you find) said a *petit-maitre en tableaux* from *Paris* to me, one day, as we were walking upon the ramparts—he seemed to have about as much business at *Antwerp* as myself.—‘ Have you any artists, said he, in *England* ? ’—Several hundreds, sir, said I.—‘ *Eh ! mon dieu !* ’ said the Frenchman, and started back three paces—recovering himself—‘ But, *mon cher monsieur !* said he, you certainly misapprehend me !—I know you have an infinite number of watch-makers, buckle-makers, snuffbox-makers, jack-smiths and razor-makers—but have you any—I mean—what you call artists ? ’—Some of the first in every branch

branch of art, was my answer.—‘*Eh ! mon dieu !*’ said the Frenchman again—but with a start of only about half the length of the former.—‘Tis a common exclamation among some of those of whom I am speaking, thought I.—‘But, sir, interrogated the Frenchman once more, do you mean painters?’—Some scores ; who well deserve that designation.—‘I have never heard of one of them, *Diable m’emporte !*’—I am sorry for it, sir.—‘In *Paris*, continued he, we deny the possibility of an Englishman’s being able to paint!’—The *French*, sir, said I, are too sparing of their commendations to foreign artists—you may possibly guess the reason.—‘*O, non*, reply’d his connoisseurship, *je vous demande pardon !*—we allow you every thing!—*Vous etes des braves gens !*—*fort honnête !*—*Enfin !*—*mais pour la peinture !*—*c’est une autre affaire !*—among such numbers, could you name me a few?—*nommez un peu !*’

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A plague on their English names! I thought I—most of them—what shall I say now?—O! I have it.—Why, sir, give me leave to say, it must be a want of recollection in you, not to remember even the names of some of our first-rate painters—the many fine things of this city, I suspect, have driven them out of your head.—Is it possible that so accomplished a gentleman can be ignorant of the names of *Rinaldo*, *Ramzeli*, *Coteff*, *Tomsona*, *Mieri*!—Who has not heard of *Haimani*, *Amilioni*, *Alessandro*, *Queffi*, *Danza*, *Fuseli*, *Zoffani*, *Pino*, *Mortimeri*, *Stabbesi*, *Voluseno*, *Marloé*, *Gansberghi*, *Smitti*, *Stuarta*, *Peteri*, and many, many more!—Then for ladies, we have *la Donna REDI*, *la Signora MOSERI* e *la bella ANGE-LYCA*!

All the while I was running over my catalogue, my Frenchman was keeping time with a string of interjections—
such

such as *Ab! Pab! O! Eb! Oui-da!*
Diantre! &c. which finally terminated
 in a plaguy long *Di-aaa-ble!*

‘ I cry you mercy! said the connoisseur—I have heard of every one of them again and again; and am ashamed of the trouble I have given you:—but their names are so *Dutch*; that, I protest, I always took them for *Portuguese*, or *Germans*!—Pox take my stupidity!—What was I thinking of?’

Thus I saved the credit of my country’s artists with this coxcomb, in a great measure, meerly by altering some of their names.—But we have connoisseurs in *England* too.

ANTWERP may be considered as one large cabinet, to which all EUROPE is invited—but there are also several lesser ones within the greater, well worth the
 S-6 inspection

inspection of the curious, to which they cannot easily get admittance.

My little interest procured me but the sight of two; *Baron Van SCH—L's* and the Chanoine K——F's—the first replete with treasures of most arts; the second exhibiting a fine shew of paintings only.—The freedom with which I saw them, made it quite agreeable; and put me more and more out of conceit with the impertinence of Mrs. CLEARSIGHT, and the formality of my old Lady GUSTO.

‘Tis very hard upon painters, says Mrs. CLEARSIGHT, to have judges that can't see!—Very hard indeed, madam—equally so, I apprehend, as upon authors, to have judges that can't read.

‘After all, the sweetest of painters to my mind, said Mrs. CLEARSIGHT, is SUGARELLI!—There's life, and heat,

Heat, and warmth, and glow, and fire,
 and fancy for you!—Such figures, such
 suns, such risings, such settings, such
 proportion, such keeping!—He warms
 you, he fans you, he cools you—in
 short, he does whatever he pleases with
 you!—Can't you perswade yourself
 that yon man is running—that yon wa-
 ter is falling—that yon horse is starting
 —that yon doe is bounding?—Surely
 you can; or you must have no eyes!—
 You must stand where I do—a little
 more to the right—look thro' your hand
 thus—incline your body a little for-
 ward—now you're right—Well, now
 can't you see it?—I warrant you!

'Tis really a severe penance to see all
 the fine things my Lady GUSTO has to
 shew you; since 'tis impossible to take
 in the whole compas of her imagination
 upon the master at first sight.

The

The master of the day, with her ladyship, is the greatest master that ever was, or ever will be!—the picture before you, is the greatest picture of the greatest master!—You may rest assured that 'tis in his best manner!—his highest taste!—the only one which he executed in that super-superlative *gout*!—and of which he was prouder, than of all the rest of his works put together!

One would be apt to imagine that upon *Raphaell's* day, no one would be so hardy as to dispute the majesty of *RAPHAEL*—if *Correggio's*, the grace and glow of *CORREGGIO*—if *Dolce's*, the divinity of *DOLCE*—if *Rubens's*, the inexhaustible invention of *RUBENS*:—In which case, each would be tollerably secure upon his own bottom.—But her ladyship is persuaded that that would not be making the most of her cabinet:—She is for taking each separately, and alternately concentrating the whole
graphic.

graphic art in one:—So that upon CARLO's day; RAPHAEL wants majesty, CORREGGIO colouring, DOLCE sweetness, and RUBENS is become scarce worthy to hold a pallet.

So much for her ladyship's criticism—now you shall have one of her histories.

' This picture, by the interest accident—by the greatest good fortune in the world! fell to my lot—I can't account for it—other people saw it before me—but no body was satisfied about the master!—Many were present when I purchased it—the first judges in the kingdom—but there they stood, with their hands in their pockets, and their mouths sealed up—conjured into a state of stupefaction!—*Pray put it in!* said *Prestage*.—Five hundred guineas! said I—a general hum went round the room!—a pause of five minutes!—not

a word uttered!—Down went the hammer!—Mine! said I—and, curtsying to the company—I am obliged to your connoisseurships for having saved me as many thousands!’

‘ But ’ere twenty-four hours were at an end, the eyes of them all were opened, and they beheld the nakedness of their understandings!—*Signor Fresco* left the kingdom upon it immediately, and returned to his own country; which he ne’er had done, but for that accident:—My lord *Contour* fell into a melancholy, and died delirious about three months after:—His last words were, *’Sdeath!—to be outdone by a woman!*—His relations therefore concluded that he died for love of some unknown beauty—it would have been barbarous in me to have set them right—but the true cause was as I have related—and as he had lived a slave, so it was fit he should fall a sacrifice to false.

false taste!—As for poor SCURO; I think, they say, he has not ventured to shew his face in an auction-room ever since.’

But my good gentlemen and lady-connoisseurs, patrons of shades! re-edifiers of fallen temples! and quickeners of dead laurels!—’tis not enough, after their deaths, to gather their remains at any price—See also that ye feed them while they live.

C H A P. XLVI.

Somewhat about Courtesy.

HOW amiable a quality is COURTESY! (or call it politeness, or civility, if you had rather)—how pleasing to friends; how winning to strangers!—Among the first it cannot chuse but daily to strengthen the cement of social

social happiness:—from the latter, it removes the fatigue of travel—it alleviates the pain of absence, and naturalizes us at once in a foreign land !

It is the primitive *washing of the feet*—and not the effect, but only the mode is changed.

In whatever country this principle is wholly uncultivated (if any such there be) the inhabitants must needs be more savage, than their kindred brutes:—and wherever it is neglected; such neglect is generally visible in their arts, as well as in the manners and passions of most ranks of people.

This lesser philosophy, as the *French* elegantly term it —

‘ Da—n the *French* !—I saw plainly where you was driving !—What have we to do with the *French* ?—Have n’t they

CORIAT JUNIOR. 427

they had drubbing enough yet?—Well, then, let 'em wait a little'—

Peace, ruffian! and don't interrupt what thou can'st not comprehend.

This lesser philosophy engagingly demeans itself to all characters and situations; but delights more especially in administering to the commodity of pilgrims and strangers—among whom it may well be accounted a CARDINAL VIRTUE.

The *Flemings* are half *French* in this particular—

'That's enough—just half is enough.'

The *Liegeois* wholly so—

'That's too much—too much by one half.'

—I

—I grant you it may be overdone, even to a degree of apish folly — in the excess whereof it ceases to be the virtue for which I contend : — But if founded in sentiment, and enlivened by practice — if arising from a love of conformity, a knowledge of mankind, and the result of a good disposition : — If the smallest particle of benignity is to be found at the bottom ; it must have its weight in the ballance of national excellence.

“ ’Tis all grimace ! — a mixture of unmeaning affectation and palpable design : — The blunt humanity of the *English*, is more adapted to the manners of men ; and best bespeaks the generosity of a free people.”

I agree with you, that the honest complacency of many of our countrymen is a sufficient apology for a thousand superfluous shrugs and scrapes : —

Yet

Yet as few are judges of the worth of the gem in the rough; it follows that some polish is absolutely necessary, to make it of general estimation. — By over acting, on the one hand, if we have too much the air of fops; so, on the other, we shall have too much the appearance of barbarians.

‘ I had much rather be thought the latter; than wear the fawdry outside of the former.’

Both extremes are to be avoided.

‘ But, pox on’t! what’s to become of my sincerity?’

You may preserve that, and be nevertheless the well-bred citizen.

‘ I doubt it:—those bowing, cringing, *parlez-vous mounseers*, depend upon’t!

upon't! have always some dirty design at bottom — It is not for nothing that they so beslobber and becompliment.'

'Tis the most absurd prejudice, as well as uncharitable conclusion that can be offered—and take my word for't, bluntness may conceal the designing knave as well as civility.

' In which case I should be cheated in my own way; and could much sooner forgive the injury;—the one, wearing the mask of an honest man, the other, of a puppy.'

You are vastly mistaken, I promise you—What can be more disinterested than the behaviour of these *Antwerpians* respecting strangers?—for a native to put himself into a disadvantageous situation, meerly to accomodate one whom he never saw before? — Would you do as much?

' I

‘I should chuse to keep my place,
if ’twas a good one.’

With the most engaging urbanity —
*Vous etes etranger ! monsieur — prenez ma
place ! — mettez vous la ! — vous verrez
mieux !*

‘Very civil, I confess.’

Not only the common people (for
the virtue of civility influences all
ranks) will run to serve you; but here
the courteous shop-keeper will leave
his business, his dinner, to accompany
the stranger the length of two or three
streets, that he may not mistake his
way — as I have frequently experi-
enced.

‘That’s going a good way indeed—
I should have told him to take the first,
second, or third turning on the right, or
left—and then to enquire further.’

After

After this sketch of general *Antwerpian* manners, should I descend to particular characters, my good friend, *De Heer Van M——* must stand foremost in the list of my obligations.—One who has happily blended *Brabanson* courtesy, with the blunt hospitality of the *English*.

“ Ay—that’s the man for me !”

One who lays himself out to do acts of beneficence to all ; but more particularly to the traveller of our nation :—who never wearies of doing good offices—thereby honouring himself, and no less his fellow-citizens.

“ Now and then we hear of such men.”

Lastly, the kindnesses of my worthy chanoine K—— must not be forgotten : A private ecclesiastic, blest in a princely

ly fortune, but more in a liberal heart.—If pictures delight you ; his cabinet furnishes the first masters, in the finest preservation :—If good cheer is your object ; no man entertains with more splendor, less ceremony and a heartier welcome.—In only one instance he can be said to over-do it—which is, That tho' his Burgundy is as delicious as any vintage ever produced ; he is apt to regret that it is not better for your sake.—That nothing may be wanting to recreate, in this mansion of hospitality ; he keeps, for the entertainment of the ladies, one of the gentlest and prettiest monkeys—the most playful of his kind that can be imagined ———

‘ I should like much to play with the Chanoine’s monkey !—After all, I commend you for representing the people as you found them.—*Good offices claim gratitude*—and however deficient some of us may appear in point of politeness ;

give me leave to tell you, that they can only rank among the basest of our people, who stand justly charged with ingratitude.'

C H A P. XLVII.

*Which draws towards the Conclusion of the
Second Part.*

I Was vastly pleased t'other day with an ingenious device of my little bookseller's!—the prettiest contrivance of splitting two books into four that ever I heard of—and is here inserted, that authors, as often as they find an unexpected swell in their works, may make a proper use of it.

But first it will be necessary to inform my readers, that the same gentleman did me the honour of a visit, in
my

my third story, about the beginning of last May.—Upon his first entrance, I perceived, as I thought, a mixture of chagrin and fatigue in his countenance; which I imputed, in a great measure, to the narrowness of the stairs, the awkward steps, the short turnings and the confounded way up.

When under the least dejection of spirit, and having no one to quarrel with; I make it a rule to curse them heartily myself:—In which case it is not to be wondered that they should try another's patience, who is less used to them, and is not under the same tie.

How do you do? Mr. JOHNSON—was my first salutation—and then rising very civilly from my seat—Here, friend, said I, you may take *the* chair—you seem fatigued—I chuse to stand—or I can walk about—Walking, I account

T 2

whole-

wholesome exercise—and I have n't yet measured my room this morning.

‘ In the language of *Pater-Noster Row*,’ reply’d my bookseller (with uncommon severity of aspect) ‘ we say that authors stand, or are at a stand, when their work stands still—and even tho’ it should be found they had been sitting, to no purpose; we should not alter the phrase a tittle.

‘ This, let me tell you, Mr. CORIAT, sometimes keeps printers at a stand—and what is still more, bookfellers at a stand.—The work, heaven knows! is often bought and paid for—but how are we to get at it?—It may be that the author from the moment he signed, sealed and *touched*; never gave himself any further concern about it.—The money is gone past recovery!—Who are we to sue?—and for what?—an author’s indigested plan?—ridiculous!

‘ Need

‘ Need I inform Mr. CORIAT, that such practices, put literary contracts too much upon the hazardous footing of debts of honour —— I could only wish that they were as honourably discharged. — Now, sir, give me leave to infer, that when authors neither sit, nor stand to any purpose; it follows, that they may walk about and divert themselves — as long as they are satisfied that walking is a wholesome exercise.’

You are very logical this morning—

‘ I shall be glad to find that you are struck with the reason.’

And I assure you there is some spice of wit, and a good deal of pleasantry in your argument——

‘ So that it has but the force of an argument; you are heartily welcome to the wit.’

T M

Thank

Thank you for nothing.

‘ But to business. — By contract (which I have in my pocket) — bearing date — let me see — ay, here it is — “ the — day of July in the seventh year of the reign of our sovereign lord George the third, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland king, defender of the faith, and so forth; and in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven — it is covenanted and agreed by and between the parties, and so forth — that for and in consideration of the sum of — of good and lawful money of Great Britain, in hand paid (pray mark the words) — ”

The money was very current; that’s certain — I don’t recollect the smallest objection I had to it at the time.

“ — he

“ — he the said CORIAT shall well and truly and faithfully, write, invent, devise and contrive, or cause to be written, invented, devised and contrived, all and *singular* the said CORIAT his travellings, journeyings, wanderings, strayings, stoppings, stayings and hindrances, as well by land as by water, during the space of sixty-six days; that is to say, from the sixth day of September in the year of our Lord, one thousand, seven hundred and sixty-six, until the tenth day of November following and inclusive — together with the whole, sole and intire remarks, observations, notes and common-places, of him the said CORIAT, thereunto belonging and appertaining — and him the said CORIAT, the said materials so collected, to work, fashion, model, knead, splice, splay, weave and interweave, or cause to be wrought, fashioned, modelled, kneaded, spliced, splayed, woven and interwoven into a book,

consisting of two volumes, and containing, by computation, not less than twenty printed sheets of a small pica letter *in forma duodecimo*, and so forth — producible within three calendar months from the date of these presents" — (this was giving you fair time, master CORIAT) — "Provided always —"

Ay, then comes the proviso—that's enough—Well, I admire your patience! —

' Indeed you may—considering what a lapse of time has intervened——'

No—but I mean your patience in running thro' such a mess of unintelligible stuff——

* It

‘ It appears to have been so to you—
tho’ one part of it I remember, was
well understood ’ ———

No reflections I beg—But for goodness sake! what have you to complain of?—Is not the work as forward, as could be wished?—Several sheets printed several months since, and that of both volumes?—You know I have all along told you that I wanted but a few connective chapters to complete the whole?—Such, Sir, are not to be had for studying—for meer wishing—Reflections must come of themselves.

‘ As forward as could be wished! —
Do you call this publishing the beginning of November sixty-seven?—taking the start of the season?—when we are now arrived at the month of May of the year following?—By these delays Mr. CORIAT you injure me—and may possibly deprive yourself of an extraordinary

dinary pair of gloves, which I all along intended you.

I thank you for that last consideration ; and be well assured I shall deserve them—a very handsome pair too I can tell you !

‘ I never knew an author yet that did n’t think so.’

If plunging into the midst of most important matter!—if diving into the depths of reflection, where fathom-line could never touch the ground!—If for my country’s good, I have essayed, to pluck up drowned honour by the locks! — If these be to deserve a pair of gloves, let him that greatly wins, wear them, say I !

‘ Oh, you are well tun’d now !—but I’ll let down the pegs that make this music — There—read that’ (putting the St. James’s

James's Chronicle into my hand, and pointing out the following advertisement)

"Speedily will be published—*A sentimental journey, by Mr. YORICK.*"

Good!—I am heartily glad of it!—for then we shall have something worth reading!—How can this affect us, but with delight?

'Are you not abashed?—And will not malicious folks say?'—

Let them say what they will—for after him, and a thousand worse, ANOTHER TRAVELLER will still be read!—There is room enough in this big world for him and me too—Shadows fill no place—Mr. YORICK will be read for his wit—I must be heard for my cause.

C H A P.

C H A P. XLVIII.

Being the last but one of this Volume.

WITH such answer, and a promise to bring matters to a speedy conclusion, we parted good friends. — And now comes his ingenious device—

At our next meeting, which happened a few days since, he addressed me after the following peremptory manner——

‘ Mr. CORIAT, said he, I intend publishing this day fortnight’——

Lord ! Sir—you surprize me !—how can that be ?—I am not ready——

‘ As much as ever you will be,’ returned the Bookseller.

I have only two or three connective chapters——

‘ With the hope of which you have amused me for thrice three months.—It does not signify, Sir—the book is mine—and I am resolved. — You may connect what is to come, with what you have by you—they may possibly come into play, as third and fourth parts—what is already printed in order, I mean forthwith to publish as first and second.’——

A mighty pretty fancy!—and pray where is your conclusion? — I was just going to send *my directions for travelling* to the printer.

‘ The aptest conclusion that could be thought of—there we’ll rest it.’

What! and leave out my Irish recollect? (my favourite character of all!)—my Flemish *Voiturier* too!——

‘ You’ll

'You'll see the reason of it by and by.'

And my chapters of Dutch Asylums !
 Dutch Hospitality ! Dutch Civility !
 Dutch Charity ! Dutch Theatres !
 Dutch Eloquence ! Dutch Music-
 houses ! ———

'Every one of them.'

—My chapter too of *the sweets of author-
 ship* !—the very conceit of which had al-
 most turned my brain !

'It promises the more upon that ac-
 count.'

My beauties of broken English !—of
 which I was not a little vain—may not
 that be brought in ?——

'Not at this time.'

With.

With many more—some of which have been printed this twelvemonth.

The greater is my loss, Mr. COKER—this is the unavoidable consequence of printing without a plan—of trusting to conceited authors, who never know where to begin, nor where to leave off.

Well—and my *confession of faith!* (which some may be very curious to see)—what's to become of that?

O, that—that will come in its proper place—where you all along intended it—at the close of the second volume or fourth part.

Well, as the work is your own; to be sure, Sir, you are to do as you judge best——

I think I have paid for it pretty handsomely.——

But

But not so fast, friend—hitherto you seem to have calculated very well for yourself:—But will there be no further consideration due to me?—am I to furnish four books, at the rate of two?

‘Don’t call ’em books, Mr. CORIAT—you know they will be only parts—they will still be but two volumes.’

I fancy you intend to make them pass for four!

‘That is my intention no doubt.’

In which case what am I to expect?

‘WE shall consider that, as the sale turns out—you cannot be in better hands—leave it to OURSELVES and the public.’

C H A P.

C H A P. XLIX.

Directions for Travelling.

MANY of my readers, I dare say, thought I had sat down with an intention to write a book of travels:—and indeed I thought so myself at first.—But I find 'tis far easier to intend, than to execute.—Good Heaven! if the fortieth part was to be executed that is intended!—what a world of improvement should we have in morals, as well as arts and sciences!

The error seems to have been from the first setting out—Ay, most errors are—and then we are drawn on insensibly—there's the mischief of them!—

Now

Now who can foresee the consequence to a hopeless author, of such an unaccountable swerving from his original plan?—It may be as much to me as my book is worth, for what I know.

The curious traveller, from meer disappointment, may be provoked to damn the author and the work too!

‘Was there ever known such a rascally thing, from the creation to this present writing?—Why the fellow might as well have picked my pocket!—Much better; and I could sooner have forgiven the poor dog!—but to think of drawing five shillings from me, upon sham pretences, and false titles, is unpardonable!’

Pray, Mr. *Johnson*, return that gentleman his money:—and with some addition, let me recommend to his perusal.

rural the accurate *Misson*—or the more accurate *Blainville*; who frequently corrects his mistakes and over-sights:—both are full of pictures—which it may be he wants.—I have no such embellishments to boast—only here and there a slight sketch, drawn originally by the pencil of NATURE; but which must have suffered much, and have lost a great deal of their first beauty and spirit, in having been traced by me.—But above all, if ever he means to depart the kingdom; let me caution him not to trust his foot on foreign *European* shore, without the *Grand Tour* in his pocket; of which, if he is careful, and makes a good use—he may chance to bring it back again.

Of all things I admire the circumstantial accounts given by some of my brother-travellers; who in their post-haste journies, it may be from *London* to *Paris*, or *Brussels*, will not omit so much.

much as a turnpike, or a sign-post.—
The number of churches, convents,
houses, inhabitants, markets, fairs, in
each town are meer A. B. C. to them
—you may have the successions of all
the mayors and recorders from their
first incorporation, if you require it.

I am at a loss for which to envy
them most; their vast memory, or
great industry!—Pray, sir, what stay
did you make at ———?

‘We breakfasted there.’

Prodigious!—How long was you
at ———?

‘We changed horses.’

That was quick work!—How long
at ———?

‘We dined there.’

You

You seem to have snapt up a great deal in a short time!—I conclude you passed some weeks at ———?

‘No; we only lay there one night.’

I’m perswaded you slept but little; for you seem to know much more of the matter than this gentleman who was born there.—***, I’m told, is a fine city.

‘O yes, mighty fine! — monstrous fine, indeed!—a very pretty sort of a place; and a good sort of people.’

Extremely civil to strangers, I suppose?

‘O, immensely civil!—they say the civillest things in the world—in short, they surfeit you with their civility.’

’Tis

'Tis very large, they say——

'About nine miles round.'

You saw *every thing*, I presume——

'Every thing in the world, that was worth seeing.'

It must have taken up some time——

'You're vastly mistaken—O, sir, 'tis quick as thought, when once you are got into the method.—We only breakfasted there—and I remember had excellent chocolate, and some of the best rusks I ever eat in my life.'

I admire that you brought away so much in so short a time.

'There's nothing in it, I promise you; after you have seen three, or four principal places—'tis only the same thing

thing over and over again.—I could put you in a way that you might see more in twelve or fourteen days, than some that have squandered as many months:—only be a good boy, and mind your book, as they say to the children — with a little instruction, take my word for't—'tis as easy as scating to a Dutchman.'

I shall be much obliged to you:—and tho' 'tis too late in life for me to receive any personal benefit from it; yet as I have a son, upon whom I have bestowed just education enough, to let him see that the world is full of as great blockheads as himself; I might be tempted hereafter to be at the further expence of a month's travel for him, by way of a finish.

' You are perfectly in the right:—there's nothing opens the mind like travel—'tis the *Passe-par-tout* to men and things;

things; and fills your head with *Je ne
scai quoy*s, and your heels *avec des bon-
nes graces*:—to be sure, I should not
speak it of myself; but upon my ho-
nour, I saw more of the world in a
fortnight, than I had done before du-
ring my whole life.'

You seem to have acquired some
language too.

'One can't help picking up a little
—tho' to tell you the truth, I had
much to do sometimes to make the
mounseers understand me.'

'Well then, first and foremost re-
member that you are to set out with
the *Grand Tour* in your pocket; for
that may absolutely be called, *A Trea-
sure for English Travellers*; and will
save you a vast deal of trouble.—At
every place of note provide yourself
with a fresh almanack, and the last
printed

printed guide.—Order your *coucher*, or *chariotier*, to drive you the contrary ways to those by which you came into, and are to go out of the town:—by that means you will see the extremities, and may have an opportunity of counting the gates.—If you purpose to stay for a few hours, send for a *valet de place* at once; and desire them to chuse a nimble fellow, that can run about with you;—for some of them are cursed slow.

• While your *valet* is coming, run over the account of the place in your *Tour*; draw your pen thro' such as you judge most worthy of observation (for 'twill be impossible to see them all) the rest you must take for granted.—As soon as he comes, set him about reading your guides and almanacks, if you can't read them yourself:—But be sure to fix upon your places before you set out with him; otherwise he will be for

leading you the devil of a dance, under the notion of shewing you every thing.

‘ Your excursion over, enter your *particulars* after the following manner;

Gates	Parish-churches
Streets	Convents
Bridges	Houses
Cathedral	Inhabitants

And your *remarkables*, as they happen to fall out.—

‘ For example; Such a picture may be seen in such a place; such a relic, in such another:—Such a man was born here; and such another was buried here:—My lord such a one lives in this street; and my lady such a one in that square:—The VIRGIN MARY, with her own hands, built such a chapel; and the DEVIL flew away with such

such a steeple:—The stadthouse is considerably larger than my lord mayor's mansion house; and the tower of such a church somewhat higher than St. Paul's cross.

' This correctness will be rather tiresome in the beginning; but it wears off insensibly; and after having visited a few places, you may save yourself that needless trouble; for as I told you before, 'tis only a repetition of the same.

' There is also a good deal in knowing the temper and genius of the people,—which is soon learnt; and then you may set about *supposing*--but that depends upon the country where you are:—If in *Flanders*, you may suppose the cities fortified, and full of churches and convents—the churches, full of pictures; the convents, full of monks; the people,

full of superstition; the streets, full of beggars.

‘The same supposition will hold good for almost any Roman Catholic country, except *France*; and there a trifling alteration will point out all the difference:—Instead of, the people full of superstition; note—*The people full of themselves.*

‘In *Holland* you might venture to suppose—The state, full of policy; the merchants, full of business; the common people full of industry; and all ranks, full of selfish cunning.

‘So a foreigner at *London* may as readily suppose—The great ones, full of dissention; the people, full of discontent; the mob, full of insolence; a few, full of money; but all full of prodigality.

‘ This

* This, sir, may be called THE CLUE TO TRAVEL; leading you thro' the several turnings and windings of strange countries, with the utmost facility and dispatch; furnishing you with many things to talk of as long as you live, and from whence, by a due observance, you may profit in a few days, full as much as your humble servant has done before you.

Give me leave to add one caution, which is; That you never omit ticking off the last place you have visited, in the margin of your *Tour*—and do it immediately, lest it escape your memory.—From a single omission of that kind, I had like to have got myself into an odd scrape;—for an Irish officer with whom I was disputing about some fortifications (I forget where) would have confronted me at last, that I had never been there at all.

Upon

Upon my shoul! honey! said he, but you give such a pretty, lame sort of an account of the plaesb; that, arrah! look you, the devil burn me! if I think you was ever within cannon-shot of it.

How! sir, said I—and told him all the circumstances about the dinner we had there—But the fact was, as I found out afterwards by looking into my book; that in my hurry I had struck off one town, instead of another.

Your candour in this last instance I confess, sir, is equal to your observations:—and if I comprehend you right, a *Parisian* might stay at home, and profit himself as much by reading **THE COMPLETE GUIDE through LONDON and WESTMINSTER**, as if he was to come among us:—he would there find the names of all the squares, streets, lanes, courts, alleys—he might presently learn the rates of hackney-coachmen, chairmen,

men, and watermen; and with a little application would know the inns where the carriers and stage-coaches put up; and their days of going out and coming in, as well as a warehouseman's book-keeper in *Aldermanbury*, or a grocer's porter in *Smithfield*.

For to what purpose do we purchase books and spend much time in reading them; but to profit ourselves by the industry of others.

THE END OF PART II.

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men, and watermen; and with a little
speculation would know the inn where
the carriers and stage-coaches stop;
and their way of going out and coming
in, as well as a waterman's book
kept in the inn, or a grocer's
book in the city.

But as what belongs to us, we should
 have, and find ourselves in various
 them, but to great success by the
 duty of others.